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VOLUME VIII.  
OF  
**Shakespeare's Works**

Containing.

JULIUS CESAR.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



TIMON OF ATHENS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.


*COPIED FROM THE TEXT OF DR. REED.*

WITH NOTES BY JOHNSON, STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.

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JULIUS CAESAR.



ANTONY, & THE BODY OF CAESAR.

ACT III. SCENE I.

THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

William Shakespeare,

IN TEN VOLUMES.

WITH

THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

DR. JOHNSON, G. STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.

REVISED BY

ISAAC REED, ESQ.



VOLUME VIII.

---

Time, which is continually washing away the dissoluble Fabrics of other Poets,  
passes without Injury by the Adamant of Shakespeare. *Dr. Johnson's Preface.*

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NEW YORK :

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1817.

3727

**JULIUS CÆSAR.**



## OBSERVATIONS.

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OF this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius, is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakespeare's plays; his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seem to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.

JOHNSON.

*Decius* Brutus is put in the following play for *Decimus* Brutus. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by *Cæsar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours as the other had constantly accepted. *Velleius Paterculus*, speaking of *Decimus Brutus*, says—  
*ab iis, quos miserat Antonius, jugulatus est; justissimasque optimè de se merito viro C. Cæsari pœnas dedit.* Cujus cum primus omnium amicorum fuisset, interfector fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, censebatque æquum, quæ acceperat à Cæsare retinere: Cæsarem, quia illa dederat, perisse.

Lib. ii. c. 64.

*Jungitur his Decimus, notissimus inter amicos  
 Cæsaris, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuisset  
 Gallia Cæsareo nuper commissa favore.  
 Non illum conjuncta fides, non nomen amici  
 Deterrere potest.—  
 Ante alios Decimus, cui fallere, nomen amici  
 Præcipue dederat, ductorem sæpe morantem  
 Incitat.—Supplem. Lucani.*

STEEVENS.

Shakespeare's mistake of *Decius* for *Decimus* arose from the old translation of Plutarch.

FARMER.

The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar* is as follows: About the middle of February A. U. C. 709, a frantic festival, sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the same year he was slain. November 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription. —A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi.

UPTON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,  
MARCUS ANTONIUS,  
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *triumvirs after the death of Julius  
Cæsar.*

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA ; *senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,  
CASSIUS,  
CASCA,  
TREBONIUS,  
LIGARIUS,  
DECIUS BRUTUS,  
METELLUS CIMBER,  
CINNA, } *conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a sophist of Cnidos.*

*A Soothsayer.*

CINNA, *a poet. Another Poet.*

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *young CATO, and VOLUM-  
NIUS ; friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDA-  
NIUS ; *servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

*Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.*

SCENE, *during a great part of the play, at Rome : after-  
wards at Sardis ; and near Philippi.*



# JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street. Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of Citizens.*

*Flavius.*

HENCE ; home, you idle creatures, get you home ;  
Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,  
Upon a labouring day, without the sign  
Of your profession ?—Speak, what trade art thou ?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?

—You, sir ; what trade are you ?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am  
but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe  
conscience ; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave ; thou naughty knave.  
What trade ?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me :  
yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that ? Mend me, thou  
naughty fellow ?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl : I  
meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's mat-  
ters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old  
shoes ; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them.  
As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have  
gone upon my handy-work.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ?  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

*Cob.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself  
into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to  
see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice ? What conquest brings he home  
What tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels ?  
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !  
 O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
 Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft  
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :  
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
 Have you not made an universal shout,  
 That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,  
 To hear the replication of your sounds,  
 Made in her concave shores ?  
 And do you now put on your best attire ?  
 And do you now cull out a holiday ?  
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?  
 Begone ;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,  
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;  
 Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears  
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Ex. Citizens.*  
 See, whe'er their basest metal be not mov'd ;  
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;  
 This way will I : Disrobe the images,  
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.¹

*Mar.* May we do so ?  
 You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter ; let no images  
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,  
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets :  
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,  
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;  
 Who else would soar above the view of men,  
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Ceremonies, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards, he explains them by *Cæsar's trophies* ; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the gods. WARBURTON

SCENE II.—*The same. A public Place. Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great Crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,——

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [Music ceases.

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,——

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their steril curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [Music.

*Sooth.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Ha! who calls?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[Music ceases.

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press, that calls on me?  
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry, Cæsar:—Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that?

*Bru.* A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me, let me see his face.

*Casca.* Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[Sennet. Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.

*Cæs.* Will you go see the order of the course?

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cæs.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;  
I'll leave you.

*Cæs.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late:  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,  
And show of love, as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd : If I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,  
Of late, with passions of some difference,<sup>2</sup>  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours :  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd ;  
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one ;)  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;  
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis just :

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me ?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear :  
And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :  
Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protestor ;<sup>3</sup> if you know  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

[2] With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires. JOHNSON.

[3] To invite every new protestor to my affection by the stale or allurement of customary oaths. JOHNSON.

And after scandal them ; or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*Flourish & shout.*

*Bru.* What means this shouting ? I do fear, the people  
Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it ?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well —  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?  
What is it that you would impart to me ?

If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i'the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently :  
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favour.  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell, what you and other men  
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :  
We both have fed as well ; and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point ?*—Upon the word,

Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.  
The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber  
Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man  
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ;<sup>5</sup>  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :  
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas ! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper<sup>6</sup> should  
 So get the start of the majestic world,<sup>7</sup>  
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.]

*Bru.* Another general shout !

I do believe, that these applauses are  
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar..

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus ; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates :

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?

Why should that name be sounded more than your's ?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;

Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure them,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

[Shout.]

Now in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd :

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !

When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,

That her wide walks encompass'd but one man ?

[5] A plain man would have said the colour fled from his lips. But the false expression was for the sake of as false a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours. WARBURTON.

[6] That is, temperament, constitution. STEEVENS.

[7] This image is extremely noble ; it is taken from the Olympic games. *The majestic world* is a fine periphrasis for the Roman Empire ; their citizens set themselves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar's great pattern, Alexander, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the Olympic games, replied, " Yes, if the racers were kings." WARBURTON.

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
 When there is in it but one only man.  
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
 There was a Brutus once,<sup>8</sup> that would have brook'd  
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
 As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;  
 What you would work me to, I have some aim;  
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
 I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
 I will consider; what you have to say,  
 I will with patience hear: and find a time  
 Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.  
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;  
 Brutus had rather be a villager,  
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
 Under these hard conditions as this time  
 Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad, that my weak words  
 Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

*Re-enter CÆSAR, and his train.*

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;  
 And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
 What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

*Bru.* I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,  
 The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
 And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
 Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero  
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,<sup>9</sup>  
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat;  
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:  
 Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
 He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;  
 He is a noble Roman, and well given.

[8] That is, Lucius Junius Brutus. [9] A ferret has red eyes. JOHNSON.

*Cæs.* 'Would he were fatter :—But I fear him not :  
 Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
 I do not know the man I should avoid  
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;  
 He is a great observer, and he looks  
 Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,  
 As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :  
 Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,  
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.  
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,  
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;  
 And therefore are they very dangerous.  
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
 Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.  
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf.  
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exe. CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*]

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak ; Would you speak  
 with me ?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,  
 That Cæsar looks so sad ?

*Casca.* Why you were with him, were you not ?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offer'd him : and be-  
 ing offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand,  
 thus ; and then the people fell a shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for ?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice ; what was the last cry for ?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every  
 time gentler than other ; and at every putting by, mine  
 honest neighbours shouted.

*Cas.* Who offer'd him the crown ?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it :  
 it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark  
 Antony offer him a crown ;—yet 'twas not a crown nei-  
 ther, 'twas one of these coronets ;—and, as I told you,  
 he put it by once ; but, for all that, to my thinking, he  
 he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him



again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by : and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choaked Cæsar ; for he swooned, and fell down at it : And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you : What ? Did Cæsar swoon ?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like : he hath the falling-sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that ; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Bru.* What said he, when he came unto himself ?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,<sup>1</sup> if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues :—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, Alas, good soul !—and forgave him with all their hearts : But there's no heed to be taken of them ; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away ?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing ?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect ?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'the face again : But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads : but, for mine own part,

[1] Had I been a mechanic, one of the plebeians to whom he offered his throat.

it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so: farewell, both.

[*Exit.*

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?

He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprize,  
However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you:  
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you; or, if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd:<sup>2</sup> Therefore 'tis meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:  
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me.<sup>3</sup> I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely  
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*

[2] The best metal or temper may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution. JOHNSON.

[3] The meaning I think is this, "Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me," should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles. JOHNSON.

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Street. Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca : Brought you Cæsar home ?  
Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth<sup>d</sup>  
Shakes, like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
'To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

*Casca.* A common slave (you know him well by sight,)  
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glar'd upon me,<sup>6</sup> and went surly by,  
Without annoying me : And there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw  
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.  
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,  
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
*These are their reasons,—They are natural ;*  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :  
But men may construe things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

*Casca.* He doth ; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

[5] The whole weight or momentum of this globe. JOHNSON.

[6] *Glar'd* has a singular propriety, as it is highly expressive of the furious scintillation of a lion's eye. STEEVENS.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca : this disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. [Exit CICERO.]

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there ?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this ?

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

*Cas.* Those, that have known the earth so full of faults :

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;  
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :<sup>6</sup>  
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens ?  
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks of life  
That should be in a Roman, you do want,  
Or else you use not : You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :  
But if you would consider the true cause,  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind ;<sup>7</sup>  
Why old men fools, and children calculate ;<sup>8</sup>  
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,  
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,  
To monstrous quality ; why, you shall find,  
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,  
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,  
Into some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,  
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night ;  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol :

[6] A stone fabulously supposed to be discharged by thunder. STEEVENS.

[7] That is, Why they deviate from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next lines:

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind ;

Why all these things change from their ordinance.

JOHNSON.

[8] Calculate here signifies to foretell, to prophesy.

WARRBURTON.

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,  
In personal action, yet prodigious grown,<sup>9</sup>  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean : Is it not, Cassius ?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is : for Romans now  
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors ;<sup>1</sup>  
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :  
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,  
I can shake off at pleasure.

*Casca.* So can I :  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?  
Poor man ! I know, he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
Begin it with weak straws : What trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Cæsar ? But, O grief !  
Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this  
Before a willing bondman : then I know  
My answer must be made :<sup>2</sup> But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca ; and to such a man,

[9] Prodigious is portentous. STEEVENS.

[1] *Thewes* is an obsolete word implying nerves or muscular strength.

[2] I shall be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words. STEE.

JOHN.

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs ;<sup>4</sup>  
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
 As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize  
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;  
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
 In Pompey's porch : For now, this fearful night,<sup>1</sup>  
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets ;  
 And the complexion of the element,  
 Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,  
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Enter CINNA.*

*Casca.* Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait ;  
 He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?

*Cin.* To find out you : Who's that ? Metellus Cimber ?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca ; one incorporate  
 To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna ?

*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this ?  
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not staid for, Cinna ? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes,  
 You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win  
 The noble Brutus to our party——

*Cas.* Be you content : Good Cinna, take this paper,  
 And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,<sup>2</sup>  
 Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this  
 In at his window : set this up with wax  
 Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,  
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
 Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there ?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone  
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit CIN.*]  
 Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,  
 See Brutus at his house : three parts of him  
 Is ours already ; and the man entire,  
 Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

[3] Here's my hand. [4] Factious, seems here to mean active. JOHNSON.

*Casca.* O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts :  
And that, which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchymy,  
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,  
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Brutus' garden.* Enter BRUTUS.

*Bru.* WHAT, LUCIUS ! ho !  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say !—  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
When, Lucius, when ? Awake, I say : what, Lucius !

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord ?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Bru.* It must be by his death : for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd :  
How that might change his nature, there's the question.  
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder ;  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—That ;—  
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
Remorse from power :<sup>6</sup> And, to speak truth of Cæsar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees<sup>9</sup>  
By which he did ascend : So Cæsar may ;  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel

---

[5] *Remorse* for mercy. WARBURTON. [6] That is, low steps. JOHNSON<sup>24</sup>.

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,  
 Would run to these, and these extremities :  
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind,<sup>7</sup> grow mischievous ;  
 And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
 Searching the window for a flint, I found  
 This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,  
 It did not lie there, when I went to-bed.

*Bru.* Get you to bed again, it is not day.  
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Bru.* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thyself.*

*Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress !*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake,——*

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

*Shall Rome, &c.* Thus must I piece it out ;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What ! Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

*Speak, strike, redress !—*Am I entreated then

To speak, and strike ? O Rome ! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knock within.*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate ; somebody knocks.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,  
 I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :<sup>8</sup>

[7] According to his nature. JOHNSON.

[8] That nice critic, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, complains that of all kind of



The genius, and the mortal instruments,  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,<sup>9</sup>  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any marks of favour.<sup>1</sup>

*Bru.* Let them enter.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy!  
Sham'st thou to show thy laneous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;  
Hide it in smiles, and affability:  
For if thou path thy native semblance on,<sup>2</sup>  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest:  
Good-morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

beauties, those great strokes, which he calls the terrible graces, and which are so frequent in Homer, are not to be found in any of the following writers. Among our countrymen, it seems to be as much confined to the British Homer. This description of the condition of conspirators, before the execution of their design, has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly astonishes. The excellent Mr. Addison, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident of his own genius, but whose true judgment always led him to the safest guides (as we may see by those fine strokes in his Cato borrowed from the Philippics of Cicero) has paraphrased this fine description; but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces which animate his original.

"O think, what anxious moments pass between

The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.

Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,

Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death." *Cato.* **WARB.**

Shakespeare is describing what passes in a single bosom, the insurrection which a conspirator feels agitating the little kingdom of his own mind; when the genius, or power that watches for his protection, and the mortal instruments, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action and the care of safety keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance. **JOHNSON.**

[9] Cassius married Junia, Brutus's sister. **STEEVENS.**

[1] Any distinctions of countenance. **JOHNSON.**

[2] If thou walk in thy true form. **JOHNSON.**

*Bru.* I have been up this hour ; awake, all night.  
Know I these men, that come along with you ?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them ; and no man here,  
But honours you ; and every one doth wish,  
You had but that opinion of yourself,  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This, Casca ; this, Cinna ;  
And this, Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.  
What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word ? [*They whisper.*]

*Dec.* Here lies the east : Doth not the day break here ?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon grey lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.  
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north  
He first presents his fire ; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath : If not the face of men,<sup>3</sup>  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed ;  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery.<sup>4</sup> But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards, and to steal with valour  
The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur, but our own cause,  
To prick us to redress ? what other bond,  
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,

[3] Mr. Mason would read *faiths of men*, which might easily have been confounded with *face*. MALONE.

[4] Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of decimation, i. e. the selection by lot of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment. STEEVENS.

And will not palter ?<sup>5</sup> and what other oath,  
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,<sup>6</sup>  
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls  
 That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprize,  
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,  
 Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood,  
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
 If he do break the smallest particle  
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero ? Shall we sound him ?  
 I think, he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cim.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O let us have him ; for his silver hairs  
 Will purchase us a good opinion,  
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :  
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands ;  
 Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,  
 But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O, name him not : let us not break with him ;  
 For he will never follow any thing  
 That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed, he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar ?

*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd :—I think it is not meet,  
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
 Should outlive Cæsar : We shall find of him  
 A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,  
 If he improves them, may well stretch so far,  
 As to annoy us all : which to prevent,  
 Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
 To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;  
 Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :<sup>7</sup>  
 For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

[5] Will not fly from his engagements. MALONE.

[6] Bulloker, in his *English Expositor*, 1616, explains *cautelous* thus, "Warie, circumspect." MALONE.

[7] Envy is here, as almost always in Shakespeare's plays, *malice*. MALONE.

Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.  
 We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;  
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood :  
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
 And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,  
 Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,  
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;  
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :  
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make  
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious :  
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;  
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
 When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet do I fear him :

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :  
 If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
 Is to himself ; take thought, and die for Cæsar :  
 And that were much he should ; for he is given  
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.<sup>8</sup>

*Treb.* There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;  
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

*Bru.* Peace, count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,  
 If Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :  
 For he is superstitious grown of late ;  
 Quite from the main opinion he held once  
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :<sup>9</sup>  
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
 'The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
 And the persuasion of his augurers,  
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,  
 I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear,  
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

[8] Company is here used in a disreputable sense. HENLEY.

[9] Ceremonies means omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other ceremonial rites. MALONE.

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :  
 But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,  
 He says, he does ; being then most flattered.

Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour : is that the uttermost ?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,  
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;  
 I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him :<sup>2</sup>  
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;  
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon us : We'll leave  
 you, Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember  
 What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;  
 Let not our looks put on our purposes ;  
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
 With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :  
 And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;  
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :  
 Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;  
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord !

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you now ?  
 It is not for your health, thus to commit  
 Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,  
 Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,

[1] Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter. Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. Elephants were seduced into pit-falls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them, was exposed. STEEVENS.

[2] That is, by his house. MALONE.

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
 Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :  
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :  
 I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,  
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot ;  
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;  
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
 Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;  
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
 Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,  
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;  
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,<sup>3</sup>  
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,  
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical  
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
 Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;  
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
 To dare the vile contagion of the night ?  
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;  
 You have some sick offence within your mind,  
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
 I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,  
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,  
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
 Which did incorporate and make us one,  
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
 Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night  
 Have had resort to you : for here have been  
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
 Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets

[3] On your temper, the disposition of your mind.

That appertain to you ? Am I yourself,  
 But, as it were, in sort, or limitation ;  
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
 And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
 Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,  
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife ;  
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
 That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.  
 I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal,  
 A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :  
 I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal,  
 A woman well-reputed Cato's daughter.  
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?  
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :  
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
 Giving myself a voluntary wound  
 Here, in the thigh : Can I bear that with patience  
 And not my husband's secrets ?

*Bru.* O ye gods,  
 Render me worthy of this noble wife ! [*Knocking within.*  
 Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;  
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
 The secrets of my heart.  
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
 All the charactery of my sad brows :—  
 Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*

*Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.*

Lucius, who is there that knocks ?

*Luc.* Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,  
 To wear a kerchief ? 'Would you were not sick !

*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
 Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
 Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
 I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome !  
 Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins !

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible ;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

*Bru.* A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole, that we must make sick ?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot ;  
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,  
To do I know not what : but it sufficeth,  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same.* A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace. Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.

*Cæs.* Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night :  
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
*Help, ho ! They murder Cæsar ! Who's within ?*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord ?

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter CALPHURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to walk forth ?  
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth : The things that threaten'd me,  
Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanish'd.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,<sup>4</sup>  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;  
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead :  
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,

[4] i. e. I never paid a superstitious regard to prodigies or omens. STEEVENS.



Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;  
 And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets :  
 O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,  
 And I do fear them.

*Cæs.* What can be avoided,  
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?  
 Yet Cæsar shall go forth : for these predictions  
 Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;  
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
 The valiant never taste of death but once.  
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;  
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
 Will come, when it will come.<sup>5</sup>

*Re-enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers ?

*Serv.* They would not have you stir forth to-day.  
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice :<sup>6</sup>  
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
 No, Cæsar shall not : danger knows full well,  
 'That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
 We were two lions litter'd in one day,  
 And I the elder and more terrible ;  
 And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,  
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
 Do not go forth to-day : Call it my fear,  
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
 We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;  
 And he shall say, you are not well to-day :  
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ;  
 And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

[5] This is a sentence derived from the stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæsar. JOHNSON.

[6] The ancients did not place courage, but wisdom in the heart. JOHNSON.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar :  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time,  
To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them, that I will not come to-day :  
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;  
I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say, he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie ?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth ?  
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will, I will not come ;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know.  
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :  
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,  
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,  
And evils imminent ; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted ;  
It was a vision, fair and fortunate :  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance.<sup>7</sup>  
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say :  
And know it now ; The senate have concluded  
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
If you shall send them word, you will not come,

[7] This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions: one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new tinctures, and new marks of cognizance; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint for reliques, as to a prince for honours. JOHNSON.

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
*Break up the Senate till another time,*  
*When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*  
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
*Lo, Cæsar is afraid?*

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love  
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this;  
 And reason to my love is liable.<sup>8</sup>

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?  
 I am ashamed I did yield to them.—  
 Give me my robe, for I will go:—

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,  
 TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good-morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—  
 Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,  
 Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,  
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.—  
 What is't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter* ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
 Is notwithstanding up:—  
 Good-morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—  
 Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!  
 I have an hour's talk in store for you;  
 Remember that you call on me to-day:  
 Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will:—And so near will I be, [*Aside.*  
 That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;  
 And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Bru.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
 The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

[8] And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Street near the Capitol. Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.*

*Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,*

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.<sup>9</sup>

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;  
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[Exit.

## SCENE IV.

*The same. Another part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS. Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
Why dost thou stay?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Pr'ythee, listen well:

[9] Emulation here, as on many other occasions, is used in an unfavourable sense, somewhat like factious, envious, or malicious rivalry. STEEVENS.

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter a soothsayer.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow :  
Which way hast thou been ?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock ?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady : if it will please Cæsar  
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him ?

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I fear may  
chance.

Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :  
The throng that follow Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

*Por.* I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !  
Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit,  
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint :—  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;  
Say, I am merry : come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Capitol ; the Senate sitting. A  
Crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol ;  
among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish.  
Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, ME-  
TELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPI-  
LIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

*Cæsar.* THE ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O, Cæsar, read mine first : for mine's a suit  
That touches Cæsar nearer : Read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad ?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.* What, urge you your petitions in the street ?  
Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. The senators rise.*

*Pop.* I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

*Cæs.* What enterprize, Popilius ?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena ?

*Cæs.* He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.  
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar : Mark him.

*Cæs.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—  
Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,  
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cæs.* Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus,  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the  
Senators take their seats.*

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber ? let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd :<sup>2</sup> press near, and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

*Cæs.* Are we all ready ? What is now amiss,  
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress ?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat. [Kneeling.  
An humble heart :—

*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;  
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,<sup>3</sup>

[2] That is, He is ready. STEEVENS.

[3] Pre-ordinance, for ordinance already established.

Into the law of children. Be not fond,  
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,  
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
 With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words,  
 Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.  
 Thy brother by decree is banished ;  
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,  
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause  
 Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,  
 To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,  
 For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;  
 Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may  
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus !

*Cæs.* Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon ;  
 As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
 To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;  
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me ;  
 But I am constant as the northern star,  
 Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,  
 There is no fellow in the firmament.  
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;  
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place :  
 So, in the world ; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,  
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Yet, in the number, I do know but one<sup>5</sup>  
 That unassailable holds on his rank,<sup>6</sup>  
 Unshak'd of motion : and, that I am he,  
 Let me a little show it, even in this ;  
 That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,  
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,——

*Cæs.* Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,——

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me.

[4] Susceptible of fear, or other passions. JOHNSON.

[5] One, and only one. JOHNSON.

[6] Perhaps, *holds on his race* ; continues his course. We commonly say, To hold a rank, and To hold on a course or way. JOHNSON.

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar. [Dies.

*The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—  
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,  
*Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!*

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;  
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's  
Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer,  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Casca. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,  
But we the doers.

*Re-enter TREBONIUS.*

Cas. Where's Antony?

Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,  
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd  
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence,  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,



In states unborn, and accents yet unknown ?

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,  
No worthier than the dust ?

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth ?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away :  
Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bru.* Soft, who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down :  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;  
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :  
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ;  
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.  
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death :  
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;  
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit.*

*Bru.* I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish, we may ; but yet have I a mind,  
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar ! Dost thou lie so low ?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :<sup>8</sup>  
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
 As Cæsar's death's hour ; nor no instrument  
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich  
 With the most noble blood of all this world.  
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
 I shall not find myself so apt to die :  
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony ! beg not your death of us.  
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
 As, by our hands, and this our present act,  
 You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,  
 And this the bleeding business they have done :  
 Our hearts you see not ; they are pitiful ;  
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
 (As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)  
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :  
 Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,  
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,  
 In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient, till we have appeas'd  
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
 And then we will deliver you the cause,  
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
 Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
 Let each man render me his bloody hand :  
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you :—  
 Next Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—  
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;—  
 Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—  
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
 Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?  
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
 Either a coward, or a flatterer.—

[8] Who else may be supposed to have overtopped his equals, and grown too high for the public safety. JOHNSON.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :  
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,  
 To see thy Antony making his peace,  
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
 Most noble ! In the presence of thy corse ?  
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
 It would become me better, than to close  
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
 Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart :  
 Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,  
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.<sup>9</sup>  
 O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;  
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—  
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
 Dost thou here lie ?

*Cas.* Mark Antony,——

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius :  
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;  
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;  
 But what compâct mean you to have with us ?  
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;  
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,  
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.  
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;  
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,  
 Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle :  
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
 You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek :  
 And am moreover suitor, that I may  
 Produce his body to the market-place ;  
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.—  
 You know not what you do ; Do not consent, [Aside.]  
 That Antony speak in his funeral :

[9] Lethe is used by many of the old translators of novels, for death. STEEV.

Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter ?

*Bru.* By your pardon ;—

I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission ;  
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall  
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;  
And say, you do't by our permission ;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral : And you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !  
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;—  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of War ;  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deed ;  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Atè by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war ;<sup>3</sup>

[3] A learned correspondent has informed me, that, in the military operations of

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming :  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar !— *[Seeing the body.]*

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Begin to water. Is thy master coming ?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath  
chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while :  
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse  
Into the market-place : there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;  
According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt, with CÆSAR's body.]*

## SCENE II.

*The same. The Forum. Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and  
a Throng of Citizens.*

*Cit.* We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—  
Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;  
And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

---

old times, *Havock* was the word by which declaration was made that no quarter should be given. In a tract intitled, "The Office of the Constable and Mareschall in the Time of Werre," there is the following:—"Also that no man be so hardy to crye Havok upon peyne that he that is the begynner shal be deede therefore ; & the remanent that doo the same or follow shal lose their horse & harnes ; and the persones of such as followeth & escrien shall be under arrest of the Conestable & Mareschall warde unto tyme that they have made fyn ; & founde suretie no morr to offende ; & his body in prison at the Kyng wyll." JOHNSON.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,  
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS  
goes into the rostrum.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence !

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent that you may hear : believe me for mine honour , and have respect to mine honour , that you may believe . censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses that you may the better judge . If there be any in this assembly , any dear friend of Cæsar's , to him I say , that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his . If then that friend demand , why Brutus rose against Cæsar , this is my answer ,—Not that I loved Cæsar less , but that I loved Rome more . Had you rather Cæsar were living , and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead , to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me , I weep for him ; as he was fortunate , I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant , I honour him : but , as he was ambitious , I slew him : There is tears for his love ; joy , for his fortune ; honour , for his valour ; and death , for his ambition . Who is here so base , that would be a bondman ? If any , speak ; for him have I offended . Who is here so rude , that would not be a Roman ? If any , speak , for him have I offended . Who is here so vile , that will not love his country ? If any , speak ; for him have I offended . I pause for a reply .

*Cit.* None , Brutus , none . [*Several speaking at once.*

*Bru.* Then none have I offended . I have done no more to Cæsar , than you should do to Brutus . The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol : his glory not extenuated , wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced , for which he suffered death .<sup>5</sup>

*Enter ANTONY and others , with CÆSAR'S body.*

Here comes his body mourned by Mark Antony : who , though he had no hand in his death , shall receive the benefit of his dying , a place in the commonwealth ; As which of you shall not ? With this I depart ; That , as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome , I have the same dagger for myself , when it shall please my country to need my death .

[5] This artificial jingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators in Shakespeare's time , whether in the pulpit , or at the bar . The speech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue , than as a specimen of laconick brevity . STEEVENS .

*Cit.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and

*Bru.* My countrymen,— [clamours.

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

'Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Cit.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
 Whose ransomes did the general coffers fill :  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff ;  
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal,  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?  
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;  
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?  
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters ?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the  
 Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious. [crown ;

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
 And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honourable men :  
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,



I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :  
 Let but the commons hear this testament,  
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
 Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

*Cits.* The will, the will ; we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it :  
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.  
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;  
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad :  
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
 For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Cit.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony ;  
 You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient ? will you stay a while ?  
 I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.  
 I fear, I wrong the honourable men,  
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors : Honourable men !

*Cits.* The will ! the testament ! [the will !

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers : The will ! read

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will ?  
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
 And let me show you him that made the will.  
 Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

*Cits.* Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [He comes down from the pulpit.

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse ; stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony ;—most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

*Cits.* Stand back ! room ! bear back !

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this mantle : I remember  
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;

That day he overcame the Nervii :—  
 Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :  
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made :  
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;  
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ;  
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :  
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !  
 This, was the this unkindest cut of all :  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.<sup>6</sup>  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity :<sup>7</sup> these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged : Revenge ; about,—seek,  
 —burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there : Hear the noble Antony. [him.]

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable ;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

[6] Perhaps Shakespeare meant that the very statue of Pompey lamented the fate of Cæsar in tears of blood. Such poetical hyperboles are not uncommon. Pope, in his *Eloisa*, talks of—" pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep."

Shakespeare has enumerated *dews of blood* among the prodigies on the preceding day, and, as I have since discovered, took these very words from Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch : "—against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain."

STEEVENS.

[7] *The dint of pity* is the impression of pity. JOHNSON.

That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable.  
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is :  
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well  
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;  
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;  
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
 And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Cits.* We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

*Cits.* Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :  
 Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not :—I must tell you then :—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*Cits.* Most true ;—the will ;—let's stay, and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.<sup>a</sup>

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar !—We'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar !

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*Cits.* Peace, ho !

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
 His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
 On this side Tyber ; he hath left them you,  
 And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,  
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar : When comes such another ?

1 *Cit.* Never, never :—Come, away, away :

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

[8] A drachma was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, 7d ob. STEEVENS.

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work : Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt !—How now, fellow ?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he ?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him :

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike, they had some notice of the people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.<sup>9</sup>

*The same. A Street. Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,  
And things unluckily charge my fantasy :  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* What is your name ?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going ?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell ?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor ?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name ? Whither am I going ? Where  
do I dwell ? Am I a married man, or a bachelor ? Then  
to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and  
truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that  
marry :—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Pro-  
ceed ; directly.

[9] The subject of this scene is taken from Plutarch.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius':—away; go.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.* A Room in ANTONY'S House. ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

*Antony.*

THESE many men shall die; their names are prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,<sup>1</sup>

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;

Fetch the will hither, and we will determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Oct.* Or here, or at

The Capitol.

[*Exit LEPIDUS.*]

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,

The three-fold world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

*Oct.* So you thought him;

---

[1] Lucius, not Publius, was the person here meant, who was the uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony. This mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, who has already substituted Decius in the room of Decimus, than of his transcriber or printer. STEEVENS.

And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you :  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will ;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :  
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations ;  
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,  
Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,  
But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers : we must straight make head :  
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out ;  
And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so ; for we are at the stake,  
And bay'd about with many enemies ;  
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Before BRUTUS' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis. Drum. Enter  
BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers : TITINIUS and  
PINDARUS meeting them.*

*Bru.* Stand, ho !

*Luc.* Give the word, ho ! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

*Luc.* He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

*Bru.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt,  
But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius ;  
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

*Luc.* With courtesy, and with respect enough ;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath used of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

*Luc.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;  
The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. [March within.]

*Bru.* Hark, he is arriv'd :—  
March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho !

*Bru.* Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine enemies ?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;  
And when you do them——

*Bru.* Cassius, be content,

Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well :—  
 Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
 Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
 Let us not wrangle : Bid them move away ;  
 Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
 And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
 A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do the like ; and let no man  
 Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.  
 Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*Within the Tent of BRUTUS. LUCIUS and TITINIUS at some distance from it. Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this :  
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
 Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,  
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
 'That every nice offence should bear his comment.<sup>2</sup>

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;  
 To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
 To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm ?  
 You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,  
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
 And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement !

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember !  
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
 And not for justice ?<sup>3</sup> What, shall one of us,  
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
 But for supporting robbers ; shall we now  
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?

[2] That is, every small trifling offence. WARBURTON.

[3] This question is far from implying that any of those who touch'd Cæsar's body, were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting, that there was not a man among them, who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice. MALONE.



And sell the mighty space of our large honours,  
For so much trash, as may be grasp'd thus?—  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me ;  
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in ;<sup>4</sup> I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.<sup>5</sup>

*Bru.* Go to ; you're not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say, you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man !

*Cas.* Is't possible ?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?  
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares ?

*Cas.* O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

*Bru.* All this ? ay, more : Fret, till your proud heart  
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are, [break ;  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?  
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour ? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you : for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this ?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier :  
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well : For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus ;  
I said, an elder soldier, not a better :  
Did I say, better ?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not ?

[4] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure. JOHNSON.

[5] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal. JOHNSON.

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What? durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love,  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;—  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,<sup>6</sup>  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not:—he was but a fool,  
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:  
A friend should bear his friends infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.<sup>7</sup>

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is aweary of the world:  
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;

[6] This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner imimitably happy. For to wring, implies both to get unjustly, and to use force in getting; and hard hands signify both the peasant's great labour and pains in acquiring, and his great unwillingness to quit his hold. WARBURTON.

[7] The meaning is this; I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, by practising them on me. JOHNSON.

Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,  
 Set in a note book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
 My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,  
 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart  
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :  
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;  
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :  
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,  
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better  
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger :  
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;  
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;  
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
 And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus !—

*Bru.* What's the matter ?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
 When that rash humour, which my mother gave me  
 Makes me forgetful ?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius ; and, henceforth,  
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

*Poet.* [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals ;  
 There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet  
 They be alone.

*Luc.* [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet.*

*Cas.* How now ? What's the matter ?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals ; what do you mean ?  
 Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;  
 For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha ; how vilely doth this cynick rhyme !

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence.

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humour, when he knows his time :  
What should the wars do with these jigging fools ?  
Companion, hence !

*Cas.* Away, away, be gone. [Exit Poet.]

*Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you  
Immediately to us. [Exe. LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

*Cas.* I did not think, you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrows better :—Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha ! Portia ?

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so ?—  
O insupportable and touching loss !—  
Upon what sickness ?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence ;  
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong ;—for with her death  
That tidings came ;—With this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so ?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods !

*Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine :  
—In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks]

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge :—  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks]

*Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius :—Welcome, good Messala.—  
Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone ?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.—  
Messala, I have here received letters,

[8] That is, with these silly poets. A jig signified, in our author's time, a metrical composition as well as a dance. MALONE.

That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

*Bru.* With what addition ?

*Mes.* That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree ;  
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one ?

*Mes.* Ay, Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.—  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in yours ?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala :  
With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,<sup>9</sup>  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently ?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason ?

*Cas.* This it is :

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us :  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to better  
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,  
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;  
For they have grudg'd us contribution :

The enemy, marching along by them,  
 By them shall make a fuller number up,  
 Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;  
 From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
 If at Philippi we do face him there,  
 These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon.—You most note beside,  
 That we have try'd the utmost of our friends  
 Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe ;  
 The enemy increaseth every day,  
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
 There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.  
 On such a full sea are we now afloat ;  
 And we must take the current when it serves,  
 Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on ;  
 We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
 And nature must obey necessity ;  
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
 There is no more to say ?

*Cas.* No more. Good night ;  
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence. [Messala ;—

*Bru.* Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewell, good  
 Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,  
 Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother!  
 This was an ill-beginning of the night :  
 Never come such division 'tween our souls !  
 Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one. [*Exe. CAS. TIT. and MES.*

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily ?

Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'

Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro, and Claudius !

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord ?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;  
It may be, I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius. [sure.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand, and watch your plea-

*Bru.* I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;  
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.  
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*

*Luc.* I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.  
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an it please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;  
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;  
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song*

This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,  
That plays thee music ?—Gentle knave, good night ;  
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;  
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see ;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,  
Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me :—Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?  
Speak to me, what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why com'st thou ?

*Ghost.* To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well ;

Then I shall see thee again ?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest :

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy ! Lucius !—Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !—

Claudius !

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

*Luc.* My lord !

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out ?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst : Didst thou see any thing ?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius !

Fellow thou ! awake.

*Var.* My lord.

*Clau.* My lord.

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

*Var. Clau.* Did we, my lord ?

*Bru.* Ay : Saw you any thing ?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius ;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

*Var. Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.* Enter OCTAVIUS,  
ANTONY, and their Army.

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered ;  
You said, the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions :  
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;  
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it : they could be content



To visit other places ; and come down  
 With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,  
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;  
 But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Prepare you, generals :  
 The enemy comes on in gallant show :  
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
 And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

*Oct.* I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [March.

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army ; LUCI-  
 LIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius : We must out and talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.  
 Make forth, the generals would have some words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows : Is it so, countrymen ?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words ;  
 Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,  
 Crying, *Long live ! hail, Cæsar !*

*Cas.* Antony,  
 The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;  
 But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
 And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too ;  
 For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
 And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers  
 Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :  
 You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,  
 And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;  
 Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,  
 Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers !

*Cas.* Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself :

This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause : If arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look ;

I draw a sword against conspirators ;

When think you that the sword goes up again ?—

Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds

Be well aveng'd ; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope ;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

*Cas.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still !

*Oct.* Come, Antony ; away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exe. OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.*]

*Cas.* Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and swim,  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard. [bark !]

*Bru.* Ho !

Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

*Luc.* My lord. [BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.]

*Cas.* Messala.—

*Mes.* What says my general ?

*Cas.* Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :

Be thou my witness, that, against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion : now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign<sup>2</sup>

Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,

[2] Former for foremost.

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;  
 Who to Philippi here consorted us ;  
 This morning are they fled away, and gone ;  
 And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,  
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
 As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem  
 A canopy most fatal, under which  
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly ;  
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd  
 To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,  
 The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,  
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !  
 But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
 If we do lose this battle, then is this  
 The very last time we shall speak together :  
 What are you then determin'd to do ?<sup>3</sup>

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy,<sup>4</sup>  
 By which I did blame Cato for the death  
 Which he did give himself :—I know not how,  
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
 The time of life ;—arming myself with patience,  
 To stay the providence of some high powers,  
 That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
 You are contented to be led in triumph  
 Thorough the streets of Rome ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,  
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;  
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
 Must end that work, the ides of March begun :  
 And whether we shall meet again, I know not.

[3] That is, I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determin'd of?  
 WARBURTON.

[4] There is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments contained in this and the following speech of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his resolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence ; and in the next, he intimates, that though he should survive the battle, he would never submit to be led in chains to Rome. This sentence, in sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch is perplexed, and might easily be misunderstood. Shakespeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which, in Plutarch, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though he now condemned it. STEEVENS.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—  
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !  
 If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;  
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !  
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;  
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know  
 The end of this day's business, ere it come !  
 But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
 And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.

*The same. The Field of Battle. Alarum. Enter BRUTUS  
 and MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
 Unto the legions on the other side : [Loud alarum.  
 Let them set on at once ; for I perceive  
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
 Ride, ride, Messala ; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. Another Part of the Field. Alarum. Enter  
 CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !  
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :  
 This ensign here of mine was turning back ;  
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :  
 Who having some advantage on Octavius,  
 Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,  
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;  
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !  
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius,  
 Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,  
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*]

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill :  
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit* PINDARUS.]

This day I breathed first : time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there I shall end ;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

*Pin.* [*above.*] O my lord !

*Cas.* What news ?

*Pin.* Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that  
Make to him on the spur ;—Yet he spurs on.—  
Now they are almost on him ; now, Titinius !—  
Now some 'light :—O, he 'lights too :—He's ta'en ;—and,  
hark !

They shout for joy.

[*Shout.*]

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !—

*Re-enter* PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah :

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath !  
Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.  
Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the hilts ;  
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[*Dies.*]

*Pin.* So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter* TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him ?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he, that lies upon the ground ?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart !

*Mes.* Is not that he ?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun !  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;  
The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done !  
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
O hateful error, melancholy's child !  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not ? O error, soon conceiv'd,  
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Tit.* What, Pindarus ! where art thou, Pindarus ?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius : whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;  
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,  
As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit MES.]  
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?  
Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
And bid me give't thee ? Didst thou not hear their  
shouts ?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.  
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—  
By your leave, gods :—This is a Roman's part :  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [Dies.]

*Alarum.* Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,  
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder ; and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

*Cato.* Brave Titinius !

Look, if he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these ?—  
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well !

It is impossible, that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body ;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come ;—

And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on :—

'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Another Part of the Field. Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies ; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads !

*Cato.* What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho ! [*Charges the enemy.*]

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;

Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*]

*Luc.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius ;

And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Luc.* Only I yield to die :

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;

[*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

2 *Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general :

*Enter* ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he ?

*Luc.* Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough :  
I dare assure thee, that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :  
The gods defend him from so great a shame !  
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you  
A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,  
Give him all kindness : I had rather have  
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,  
And see if Brutus be alive, or dead :  
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,  
How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Another Part of the Field.* *Enter* BRUTUS, DARDANIUS,  
CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,  
He came not back ; he is or ta'en, or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the word ;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.— [*Whispering.*]

*Cli.* What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then, no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius !

[*Whispers him.*]

*Dar.* I do such a deed ?

*Cli.* O, Dardanius !

*Dar.* O, Clitus !

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus : Look, he meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius : list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord ?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius :

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;  
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.  
I know, my hour is come.



*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit :  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
'Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together ;<sup>9</sup>  
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,  
Hold thou my sword's hilt, whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

*Cl.* Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you, Volumnius.  
—Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;  
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,  
I found no man, but he was true to me.  
I shall have glory by this losing day,  
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue  
Hath almost ended his life's history :  
Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,  
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within ; Fly, fly, fly.*]

*Cl.* Fly, my lord, fly.

*Bru.* Hence ; I will follow thee.

[*Exe. CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :  
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;

[9] So in the old translation of Plutarch: "Now, the night being farre spent Brutus as he sate, bowed towards Clitus one of his men, and told him somewhat in his care ; the other answered not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanus, and sayd somewhat also to him : at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Græke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he wouide helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kille him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest, one of them sayd, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs flie. Then Brutus rising vp. we must flie in deede, sayd he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking every man by the hand, he sayd these words vnto them with a chearfull countenance. It rejoyceth my hart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my countries sake: for, as for me, I thinke my selfe happier than they that have ouercome, considering that I leaue a perpetuall fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies, the conquerors shall neuer attaine vnto by force nor money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that they have been naughtie and unjust men, haue slain good men, to vsurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Having sayd so, he prayed every man to shift for them selues, and when he went a little aside," &c. STEEVENS.

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :  
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

*Str.* Give me your hand first : Fare you well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still ;  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,  
LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

*Oct.* What man is that ?

*Mes.* My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master ?

*Str.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala :  
The conquerors can but make a fire of him :  
For Brutus only overcame himself.  
And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Luc.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,  
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.  
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

*Str.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.<sup>5</sup>

*Oct.* Do so, Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato ?

*Str.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all :  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;  
He, only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle ; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,  
With all respect, and rites of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—  
So, call the field to rest : and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

[5] To *prefer* seems to have been the established phrase for recommending a servant.  
REED.

**ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.**



## OBSERVATIONS.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.] Among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra*." It is entered by Symon Waterson, for whom some of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probably by that author, of whose *Cleopatra* there are several editions; and, among others, one in 1594.

In the same volumes, May 20, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*." This is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio, 1623. STEEVENS.

This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish *Cleopatra*, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition. JOHNSON.

It is observable with what judgment Shakespeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakespeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful.

WARBURTON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,  
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *triumvirs.*  
 M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, }

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, }  
 VENTIDIUS, }  
 EROS, } *friends of Antony.*  
 SCARUS, }  
 DERCETAS, }  
 DEMETRIUS, }  
 PHILO, }

MECÆNAS, }  
 AGRIPPA, } *friends to Cæsar.*  
 DOLABELLA, }  
 PROCULEIUS, }  
 THYREUS, }

MENAS, }  
 MENEKRATES, } *friends of Pompey.*  
 VARRIUS, }

TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*

CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*

SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army.*

EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES; *attendants on Cleopatra.*

*A Soothsayer. A Clown.*

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN, } *attendants on Cleopatra.*  
 IRAS, }

*Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.*



ANTONY & CLEOPATRA.



ANTONY & CLEOPATRA.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.



# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.*  
*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

*Philo.*

NAY, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure : those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper ;<sup>1</sup>  
And is become the bellows, and the fan,  
To cool a gipsy's lust.<sup>2</sup> Look, where they come !

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their  
Trains ; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world<sup>3</sup> transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool : behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn<sup>4</sup> how far to be belov'd.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new  
earth.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

*Ant.* Grates me :—The sum.<sup>6</sup>

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*

---

[1] Reneges—renounces. POPE.

[2] Gipsy—is here used both in the original meaning for an Egyptian, and in its accidental sense for a bad woman. JOHNSON.

[3] Triple—is here used improperly for third, or one of three. One of the Triumvirs, one of the three masters of the world. WARBURTON.

[4] Bourn—bound or limit. POPE.

[5] Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords. JOHNSON.

[6] Be brief, sum thy business in a few words. JOHNSON.

*Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;  
Perform't, or else we damn thee.*

*Ant.* How, my love !

*Cleo.* Perchance,—nay, and most like,  
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—  
Where's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's, I would say ?—Both ?  
—Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine  
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,  
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tyber melt ! and the wide arch  
Of the rang'd empire fall ! Here is my space ;  
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life  
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair, [Embracing.]  
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,<sup>7</sup>  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.* Excellent falsehood !  
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—  
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony  
Will be himself.

*Ant.* But stirr'd by Cleopatra.<sup>8</sup>  
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,  
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :  
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fye, wrangling queen !  
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !  
No messenger ; but thine and all alone,  
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;  
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANT. and CLEO. with their train.]

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

[7] To weet—to know. POPE.

[8] But in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of *without, unless, except*. 'Antony,' says the queen, 'will recollect his thoughts.' 'Unless kept,' he replies, 'in commotion, by Cleopatra.' JOHNSON.

By *Antony will be himself*, she means to say, that 'Antony will act like the joint sovereign of the world, and follow his own inclinations, without regard to the mandates of Cæsar, or the anger of Fulvia.' To which he replies, '*If but stirr'd by Cleopatra*;' that is, if moved to it in the slightest degree by her. MASON.

*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I'm full sorry,  
That he approves the common liar,<sup>9</sup> who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy ! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. Another Room. Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.*

*Char.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing  
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the  
soothsayer that you praised so to the queen ? O, that I  
knew this husband, which, you say, must change his  
horns with garlands !<sup>1</sup>

*Alex.* Soothsayer.

*Sooth.* Your will ?

*Char.* Is this the man ?—Is't you, sir, that know things ?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy,  
A little I can read.

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

*Enter ENOCHARBUS.*

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine enough,  
Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means, in flesh.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid !

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience ; be attentive.

*Char.* Hush !

*Sooth.* You shall be more loving, than beloved.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.<sup>2</sup>

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune ! Let me  
be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them

[9] Fame. MALONE.

[1] 'To change his horns with [i. e. for] garlands,' signifies to be a triumphant cuckold ; a cuckold who will consider his state an honourable one. STEEVENS.

[2] To know why the lady is so averse from heating her liver, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimples face. JOHNSON.

all : let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage :<sup>3</sup> find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent ! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then, belike, my children shall have no names :<sup>4</sup> Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have ?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool ! I forgive thee for a witch.

*Alex.* You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how ? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she ?

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it ?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worser thoughts heavens mend ! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee ! And let her die too, and give him a worse ! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold ! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight ; good Isis, I beseech thee !

*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the

[3] Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judæa. STEEVENS.

[4] A fairer fortune, I believe, means a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. STEEVENS.

people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*Char.* Amen.

*Alex.* Lo, now! If it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he, the queen.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth; but on a sudden  
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

*Eno.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

*Alex.* Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

*Enter ANTONY, with a messenger and Attendants.*

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him: Go with us.

*[Exeunt CLEO. ENOB. ALEX. IRAS, CHAR.  
Soothsayer, and Attendants.]*

*Mes.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mes.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar:  
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy  
Upon the first encounter drave them.

*Ant.* Well,

What worst?

*Mes.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:  
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter'd.

*Mes.* Labienus

(This is stiff news,) hath, with his Parthian force,  
Extended Asia<sup>s</sup> from Euphrates;  
His conquering banner shook, from Syria

[5] To *extend*, is a term used for to seize.

To Lydia, and to Ionia ; whilst——

*Ant.* Antony, thou wouldst say,—

*Mes.* O, my lord !

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue ;  
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome :

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults

With such full licence, as both truth and malice

Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,

When our quick winds lie still ;<sup>6</sup> and our ills told us,

Is as our earing.<sup>7</sup> Fare thee well a while.

*Mes.* At your noble pleasure.

[*Exit*

*Ant.* From Sicyon how the news ? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one ?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

*Enter another Messenger.*

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you ?

2 *Mes.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she ?

2 *Mes.* In Sicyon :

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter.*

*Ant.* Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself :<sup>8</sup> she's good, being gone ;

The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.<sup>9</sup>

I must from this enchanting queen break off ;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now ! Enobarbus !

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir ?

[6] The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good. JOHNS. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plow, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called *wind-rows*, as are also the rows of new-mown grass laid in heaps to dry. Quick winds, I suppose to be the same as *teeming fallows*, always fruitful in weeds.

STEEVENS.

[7] *Earing* here and in other places signifies *plowing*. So, in *Gen. xlv.* : "Yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be *earing* nor harvest."

BLACKSTONE.

[8] The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain. STEEVENS.

[9] The verb *could* has a peculiar signification in this place ; it does not denote power but inclination. The sense is, "the hand that drove her off would now willing pluck her back again." HEATH.

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:<sup>9</sup> I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* 'Would I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia?

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth;<sup>1</sup> comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

[9] For less reason; upon meaner motives. JOHNSON.

[1] The meaning is this: 'As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.' ANON.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here, cannot be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen,<sup>9</sup> And get her love to part.<sup>1</sup> For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,<sup>2</sup> Do strongly speak to us ; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home :<sup>3</sup> Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea : our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver, Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities, Upon his son ; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier ; whose quality, going on, The sides o'the world may danger : Much is breeding, Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison.<sup>4</sup> Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is he ?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he does : —I did not send you ;<sup>6</sup>—If you find him sad, Say, I am dancing ; if in mirth, report That I am sudden sick : Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEX.*]

[9] *Expedience*, for expedition.      **WARBURTON.**

[1] I suspect the author wrote, And get her *leave* to part.      **MALONE.**

[2] Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives.      **JOHNSON.**

[3] Wish us at home ; call for us to reside at home.      **JOHNSON.**

[4] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal.      **POPE.**—Dr. Lister, in the *Philosophical Transactions* showed, that what were vulgarly called animated horse-hairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow.

**TOLLET.**

[6] You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge.      **JOHNSON.**



*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,  
You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not ?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose him.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far : I wish, forbear ;  
In time we hate that which we often fear,

*Enter ANTONY.*

But here comes Antony.

*Cleo.* I am sick, and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall ;  
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand further from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter ?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.  
What says the married woman ?—You may go ;  
'Would, she had never given you leave to come !  
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,  
I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know,—

*Cleo.* O, never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd ! Yet, at the first,  
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,  
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing !

*Ant.* Most sweet queen,—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,  
But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words : No going then ;—  
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes ;  
Bliss in our brows' bent ; none our parts so poor,  
But was a race of heaven :<sup>7</sup> They are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

[7] i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven. *WARB.*—This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton ; the *race* of wine is the taste of the soil. *JOHNSON.*

*Ant.* How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would, I had thy inches; thou shouldst know,  
There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services a while; but my full heart  
Remains in use with you.<sup>8</sup> Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:  
Equality of two domestic powers  
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,  
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace  
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change: My more particular,  
And that which most with you should safe my going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me freedom,  
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* Sh's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read  
The garboils she awak'd;<sup>9</sup> at the last, best:  
See, when, and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water?<sup>1</sup> Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know  
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,  
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,  
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,  
As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come:—  
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:  
So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

[8] The poet seems to allude to the legal distinction between the *use* and *absolute possession*. JOHNSON.

[9] i. e. The commotion she occasioned. STEEVENS.

[1] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. JOHNSON.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.

I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears  
Belong to Egypt :<sup>2</sup> Good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood ; no more.

*Cleo.* You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

*Cleo.* And target,—Still he mends ;  
But this is not the best : Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,  
How this Herculean Roman<sup>3</sup> does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it ;  
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it ;  
That you know well : Something it is I would,—  
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,  
And I am all forgotten.<sup>4</sup>

*Ant.* But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself.<sup>5</sup>

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour,  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;  
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not  
Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the gods go with you ! upon your sword  
Sit laurell'd victory ! and smooth success  
Be strew'd before your feet !

*Ant.* Let us go. Come ;  
Our separation so abides, and flies,  
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,  
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee:  
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

[2] To me, the Queen of Egypt. JOHNSON.

[3] Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules. STEEVENS.

[4] Cleopatra has something to say, which seems to be suppressed by sorrow ; and after many attempts to produce her meaning she cries out : ' O, this oblivious memory of mine is as false and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every thing.' *Oblivion*, I believe, is boldly used for a memory apt to be deceitful.

STEEVENS.

[5] But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself. STEEVENS.

## SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in CÆSAR'S House. Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
One great competitor.<sup>6</sup> From Alexandria  
This is the news ; He fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel ; is not more manlike  
Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen Ptolemy  
More womanly than he : hardly gave audience, or  
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : you shall find there  
A man, who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow,

*Lep.* I must not think, there are  
Evils enough to darken all his goodness :  
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness ;<sup>7</sup> hereditary,  
Rather than purchas'd ;<sup>8</sup> what he cannot change,  
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent : Let us grant, it is not  
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;  
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat : say, this becomes him,  
(As his composure must be rare indeed,  
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony  
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear  
So great weight in his lightness.<sup>9</sup> If he fill'd  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,

[6] Perhaps—*Our* great competitor. JOHNSON.

[7] If by spots are meant stars, as night has no other fiery spots, the comparison is forced and harsh, stars having been always supposed to beautify the night ; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counterpart of this simile, which answers to night's blackness. Hammer reads,

—spots on ermine,

Or fires by night's blackness.

JOHNSON.

It is objected, that stars rather beautify than deform the night. But the poet considers them here only with respect to their *prominence* and *splendor*. It is sufficient for him that their scintillations appear stronger in consequence of darkness, as jewels are more resplendent on a black ground than on any other. MALONE.

[8] *Purchas'd*—Procured by his own fault or endeavour. JOHNSON.

[9] The word *light* is one of Shakespeare's favourite play-things. The sense is, His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us. JOHNSON.

Call on him for't :<sup>1</sup> bût, to confound such time,  
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud  
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid  
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,<sup>2</sup>  
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.

*Mes.* Thy biddings have been done ; and every hour,  
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;  
And it appears, he is belov'd of those  
That only have fear'd Cæsar :<sup>3</sup> to the ports  
The discontents repair,<sup>4</sup> and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less :—  
It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;  
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,  
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,  
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

*Mes.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them ; which they ear and wound  
With keels of every kind :<sup>5</sup> Many hot inroads  
They make in Italy ; the borders maritime  
Lack blood to think on't,<sup>6</sup> and flush youth revolt :<sup>7</sup>  
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more,  
Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.* Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious wassals.<sup>8</sup> When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st

[1] *Call on him*, is, *visit him*. Says Cæsar--If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure. I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by *surfeits* and *d. y bones*. JOHNSON.

[2] Boys old enough to know their duty. JOHNSON.

[3] Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar, now show their affection for Pompey. JOHNSON. [4] i. e. the malcontents. MALONE.

[5] To *ear*, is to *plough*. JOHNSON.

[6] Turn pale at the thought of it. JOHNSON.

[7] Youth ripened to manhood ; youth whose blood is at the flow. STEEVENS.

[8] *Wassel* is here put for intemperance in general. See *Macbeth*, p. 287 The old copy, however, reads *vaissails*. STEEVENS.

*Wassals* is, without question, the true reading. HENLEY.

Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
 Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,  
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
 Than savages could suffer : 'Thou didst drink  
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle<sup>3</sup>  
 Which beasts would cough at : 'Thy palate then did deign  
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;  
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st ; on the Alps,  
 It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,  
 Which some did die to look on : And all this  
 (It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)  
 Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
 So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* It is pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly  
 Drive him to Rome : 'Tis time we twain  
 Did show ourselves i'the field ; and, to that end,  
 Assemble we immediate council : Pompey  
 Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,  
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
 To 'front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,  
 It is my business too. Farewell.

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord : What you shall know mean  
 time

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
 To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir ;  
 I knew it for my bond.<sup>4</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*Alexandria.* *A Room in the Palace.* *Enter CLEOPATRA,*  
*CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Charmian,—

*Char.* Madam.—

*Cleo.* Ha, ha !—

[3] There is frequently observable on the surface of stagnant pools that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold coloured slime ; to this appearance the poet here refers. HENLEY.

[4] That is, to be my bounden duty. MASON.

Give me to drink mandragora.<sup>9</sup>

*Char.* Why, madam ?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time,  
My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him  
Too much.

*Cleo.* O, treason !

*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch, Mardian !

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure ?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing ; I take no pleasure  
In aught an eunuch has : 'Tis well for thee,  
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections ?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed ?

*Mar.* Not indeed, madam ; for I can do nothing  
But what indeed is honest to be done :  
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,  
What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.* O Charmian,  
Where think'st thou he is now ? Stands he, or sits he ?  
Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ?  
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !  
Do bravely, horse ! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st ?  
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of men.<sup>1</sup>—He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile ?*  
For so he calls me ; Now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison :—Think on me,  
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time ? Broad-fronted Cæsar,<sup>2</sup>  
When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
A morsel for a monarch : and great Pompey  
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow ;  
There would he anchor his aspect, and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail !

[9] *Mandragora*—a plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. Shakespeare mentions it in *Othello* :

“ Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep—.”

JOHNSON.

[1] A *burgonet*—is a kind of helmet. STEEVENS.

[2] In allusion to Cæsar's baldness. HENLEY.

*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!  
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee.<sup>3</sup>—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—  
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* Good friend, quoth he,  
Say, *the firm Roman to great Egypt sends*  
*This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot*  
*To mend the petty present, I will piece*  
*Her opulent throne with kingdoms: All the East,*  
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount a termagant steed,  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke  
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

*Cleo.* What, was he sad, or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o'the year between the extremes  
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition!—Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:  
He was not sad; for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;  
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:  
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes;  
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:  
Why do you send so thick?

*Cleo.* Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—  
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæsar so?

*Char.* O that brave Cæsar!

*Cleo.* Be chok'd with such another emphasis!  
Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Cæsar!

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæsar paragon again

[3] Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*. JOHNSON.



My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My sallad days ;  
When I was green in judgment :—Cold in blood,  
To say, as I said then !—But, come, away :  
Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day  
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.<sup>3</sup> [Exeunt.]

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Messina. A Room in POMPEY'S House. Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.*

*Pom.* IF the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays  
The thing we sue for.<sup>4</sup>

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good : so find we profit,  
By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well :  
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;  
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope  
Says, it will come to the full.<sup>5</sup> Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where  
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field ;  
A mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this ? 'tis false.

*Men.* From Silvius, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams ; I know, they are in Rome together,

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[3] By sending out messengers. JOHNSON.

[4] The meaning is, While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value. JOHNSON.

[5] The poet's allusion is to the moon ; and Pompey would say, he is yet but a half moon, or crescent ; but his hopes tell him, that crescent will come to a full orb.

Looking for Antony : But all charms of love  
 Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip !<sup>6</sup>  
 Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !  
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,  
 Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks,  
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;  
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,  
 Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius ?

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver :  
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
 Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
 A space for further travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter  
 A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,  
 This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm  
 For such a petty war : his soldiership  
 Is twice the other twain : But let us rear  
 The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
 Can from the lap of Egypt's widow<sup>7</sup> pluck  
 The ne'er lust wearied Antony.

*Men.* I cannot hope,  
 Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :  
 His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;  
 His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,  
 Not mov'd by Antony.

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,  
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
 Were't not that we stand up against them all,  
 'Twere pregnant they should square between them-  
 selves ;<sup>8</sup>  
 For they have entertained cause enough  
 To draw their swords : but how the fear of us  
 May cement their divisions, and bind up  
 The petty difference, we yet not know.

[6] In the old edition it is,—“ thy wand lip !” Perhaps, for fond lip, or warm lip, says Dr. Johnson. Yet this expression of Pompey's, perhaps, implies a wish only, that every charm of love may confer additional softness on the lip of Cleopatra: i. e. that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her lover: or, as Mr. Ritson expresses the same idea, that “ her lip, which was become pale and dry with age, may recover the colour and softness of her sallad days.” The epithet *wan* might have been added, only to show the speaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked that the lips of Africans and Asiatics are paler than those of European nations. STEEVENS.

[7] Julius Cæsar had married her to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned STEEVENS.

[8] Square—that is, quarrel STEEVENS.

Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands  
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.  
Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Rome. A room in the House of LEPIDUS. Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

*Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

*Eno.* I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself: If Cæsar move him,  
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave to-day.

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time  
For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion:  
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Ant.* If we compose well here, to Parthia:—  
Hark you, Ventidius.

*Cæs.* I do not know,  
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

*Lep.* Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard: When we debate

[1] This play is not divided into acts by the author or first editors, and therefore the present division may be altered at pleasure. I think the first act may be commodiously continued to this place, and the second act opened with the interview of the chief persons, and a change of the state of action. Yet it must be confessed, that it is of small importance, where these unconnected and desultory scenes are interrupted.

Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble partners,  
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well :

Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus.

*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* Thank you.

*Cæs.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit, sir !

*Cæs.* Nay,

Then——<sup>3</sup>

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill, which are not so ;  
Or, being, concern you not.

*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at,  
If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should say myself offended ; and with you  
Chiefly i'the world : more laugh'd at, that I should  
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name  
It not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was't to you ?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt : Yet, if you there  
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practis'd ?

*Cæs.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,  
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,  
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation  
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.<sup>4</sup>

*Ant.* You do mistake your business ; my brother never  
Did urge me in his act :<sup>5</sup> I did inquire it ;  
And have my learning from some true reports,<sup>6</sup>

[3] Antony appears to be jealous of a circumstance which seemed to indicate a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power ; and accordingly resents the invitation of Cæsar to be seated : Cæsar answers, *Nay then* ; i. e. If you are so ready to resent what I meant as an act of civility, there can be no reason to suppose you have temper enough for the business on which at present we are met. STEEVENS.

[4] Was theme for you,---I believe means only, 'was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan ;' as themes are given for a writer to dilate upon. STEEVENS.

[5] i. e. Never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war. WARB.

[6] *Reports*, for reporters. STEEVENS.

That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather,  
 Discredit my authority with yours ;  
 And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
 Having alike your cause ?<sup>7</sup> Of this, my letters  
 Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
 As matter whole you have not to make it with,  
 It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself  
 By laying defects of judgment to me ; but  
 You patch'd up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so ;  
 I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,  
 Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
 Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
 Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars  
 Which 'fronted mine own peace.<sup>8</sup> As for my wife,  
 I would you had her spirit in such another :<sup>9</sup>  
 The third o'the world is yours ; which with a snaffle  
 You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Eno.* 'Would we had all such wives, that the men  
 Might go to wars with the women !

*Ant.* So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar,  
 Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted  
 Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,  
 Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must  
 But say, I could not help it.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you,  
 When rioting in Alexandria ; you  
 Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
 Did gibe my missive out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir,  
 He fell upon me, ere admitted ; then  
 Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
 Of what I was i'the morning : but, next day,  
 I told him of myself ;<sup>1</sup> which was as much  
 As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow

[7] That is, *I* having alike your cause. MALONE.

[8] *Fronted*, i. e. opposed. JOHNSON.

[9] I wish you had the spirit of *Fulvia*, embodied in such another woman as her ; I wish you were married to such another spirited woman ; and then you would find, that tho' you can govern a third part of the world, the management of such a woman is not an easy matter. MAL. *Such*, I believe, should be omitted, as both the verse and meaning are complete without it :

<sup>1</sup> I would you had her spirit in another. STEEVENS.

[1] i. e. Told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience.

WARBURTON.

Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,  
Out of our question wipe him.

*Cæs.* You have broken  
The article of your oath ; which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar.

*Ant.* No, Lepidus, let him speak ;  
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it : But on, Cæsar ;  
The article of my oath,——

*Cæs.* To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them ;  
The which you both denied.

*Ant.* Neglected, rather ;  
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it :<sup>1</sup> Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis nobly spoken.

*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further  
The griefs between you ; to forget them quite,  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone you.<sup>2</sup>

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the in-  
stant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pom-  
pey, return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in,  
when you have nothing else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

*Eno.* Go to then ; your considerate stone.<sup>3</sup>

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech :<sup>4</sup> for it cannot be,  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions

[1] Nor my greatness work without mine honesty. MALONE.

[2] *Atone*, reconcile. STEEVENS. *Griefs*, grievances. MALONE.

[3] If I must be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing. "As silent as a stone," however, might have been once a common phrase. STEEVENS.

[4] I do not, says Cæsar, think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition ; for it cannot be, we shall remain in friendship : yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it. JOHNSON.

So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
 What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge  
 O'the world I would pursue it.

*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
 Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony  
 Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa ;  
 If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
 Were well deserv'd of rashness.<sup>5</sup>

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear  
 Agrippa further speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
 To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
 With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
 Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims  
 No worse a husband than the best of men ;  
 Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak  
 That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
 And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
 Would then be nothing : truths would be but tales,  
 Where now half tales be truths : her love to both,  
 Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;  
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
 By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak ?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
 With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,  
 If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*  
 'To make this good ?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and  
 His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
 Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :  
 Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,  
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves,  
 And sway our great designs !

[5] i. e. you might be reprov'd for your rashness, and would well deserve it.—  
 Your reproof, means, the reproof you would undergo. MASON.

*Cæs.* There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly : Let her live  
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never  
Fly off our loves again !

*Lep.* Happily, amen !

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey ;  
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,  
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;<sup>6</sup>  
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon us :  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,  
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* And where lies he ?

*Cæs.* About the mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What's his strength  
By land ?

*Cæs.* Great, and increasing : but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness ;  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I will lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus,  
Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANT. and LEP.*

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas !—my  
honourable friend, Agrippa !—

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus !

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad, that matters are so  
well digested. You staid well by it in Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir ; we did sleep day out of countenance,  
and made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild boars roasted whole at breakfast, and  
but twelve persons there ; Is this true ?

[6] Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him. JOHNSON.



*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle : we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed ; or my reporter devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you :  
 The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,<sup>8</sup>  
 Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;  
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
 The winds were love-sick with them : the oars were  
 silver ;  
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
 It beggar'd all description : she did lie  
 In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue)  
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,  
 The fancy out-work nature :<sup>9</sup> on each side her,  
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
 And what they undid, did.

[7] i. e. if report *quadrates* with her, or suits with her merits. STEEVENS.

[8] The reader may not be displeas'd with the present opportunity of comparing our author's description with that of Dryden :

“ Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd,  
 The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,  
 The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails :  
 Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,  
 Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.—  
 She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,  
 And cast a look so languishingly sweet,  
 As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,  
 Neglecting she could take 'em : Boys, like Cupids,  
 Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds  
 That play'd about her face : But if she smil'd,  
 A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad ;  
 That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,  
 But hung upon the object : To soft flutes  
 The silver oars kept time ; and while they play'd,  
 The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,  
 And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more ;  
 For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds  
 Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath  
 To give their welcome voice.” REED.

[9] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, 1. 35. WARBURTON.

*Ag.* O, rare for Antony!

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes,<sup>1</sup>  
And made their bends adornings:<sup>2</sup> at the helm  
A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

[1] Perhaps, *tended her by th' eyes*, discovered her will by the eyes.

JOHNSON.

The whole passage is taken from the following in sir Thos. North's translation of Plutarch. 'She disdain'd to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the riuer of Cydnus, the poepe whereof was of golde, the sailes of purple, and the owers of siluer, whiche kept stroke in rowing after the sounde of the musicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, violls, and such other instruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe: she was layed vnder a pauillion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and atired like the Goddesse Venus, commonly drawn in picture: and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters do set forth God Cupide, with little fannes in their hands, with the which they fanned wind vpon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them was apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaides of the waters) and like the Graces, some searing the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull passing sweet sauor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongst the riuers side: others also ranne out of the citie to see her coming in. So that in thend, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperiall seate to geve audience?' &c. STEEVENS.

[2] This passage, as it stands, appears to me wholly unintelligible; but it may be amended by a very slight deviation from the text, by reading, *the guise*, instead of *the eyes*, and then it will run thus:

*Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the guise,  
And made their bends, adornings.*

*In the guise*, means in the forms of mermaids, who were supposed to have the head and body of a beautiful woman, concluding in a fish's tail: and by the bends *which they made adornings*, Enobarbus means the flexure of the fictitious fishes' tails, in which the limbs of the women were necessarily involved, in order to carry on the deception, and which it seems they adapted with so much art as to make them an ornament, instead of a deformity. This conjecture is supported by the very next sentence, where Enobarbus, proceeding in his discription, says:

"-----at the helm,  
A seeming mermaid steers." M. MASON.

In many of the remarks of Mr. M. Mason I perfectly concur, though they are subversive of opinions I had formerly hazarded. On the present occasion, I have the misfortune wholly to disagree with him.

His deviation from the text cannot be received; for who ever employed the phrase he recommends, without adding somewhat immediately after it, that would determine its precise meaning? We may properly say---in the guise of a shepherd, of a friar, or of a Nereid. But to tell us that Cleopatra's women attended her "in the guise," without subsequently informing us what that guise was, is phraseology unauthorized by the practice of any writer I have met with. In *Cymbeline*, Costhumus says:

"To shame the guise of the world, I will begin  
The fashion, less without, and more within."

If the word the commentator would introduce had been genuine, and had referred to the antecedent, *Nereides*, Shakespeare would most probably have said---"tended her in that guise:"---at least would have employed some expression to connect his supplement with the foregoing clause of his description. But---"in the guise" seems unreducible to sense, and unjustifiable on every principle of grammar. Be-

That yarely frame the office.<sup>3</sup> From the barge  
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
 Her people out upon her ; and Antony,  
 Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,  
 Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,  
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
 And made a gap in nature.<sup>4</sup>

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian!

sides, when our poet had once absolutely declared these women were like Nereides or Mermaids, would it have been necessary for him to subjoin that they appeared in the form, or with the accoutrements of such beings? for how else could they have been distinguished?

Yet, whatever grace the tails of legitimate mermaids might boast of in their native element, they must have produced but aukward effects when taken out of it, and exhibited on the deck of a galley. Nor can I conceive that our fair representatives of these nymphs of the sea were much more adroit and picturesque in their motions; for when their legs were cramped within the fictitious tails the commentator has made for them, I do not discover how they could have undulated their hinder parts in a lucky imitation of semi-fishes. Like poor Elkanah Settle, in his dragon of green leather, they could only wag the *remigium cauda* without ease, variety, or even a chance of labouring into a graceful curve. I will undertake, in short, the expense of providing characteristic tails for any set of mimic Nereides, if my opponent will engage to teach them the exercise of these adscitious terminations, so "as to render them a grace instead of a deformity." In such an attempt a party of British chambermaids would prove as docile as an equal number of Egyptian maids of honour.

It may be added also, that the Sirens and descendants of Nereus, are understood to have been complete and beautiful women, whose breed was uncrossed by the salmon or dolphin tribes; and as such they are uniformly described by Greek and Roman poets. Antony, in a future scene, (though perhaps with reference to this adventure on the Cydnus,) has styled Cleopatra his *Thetis*, a goddess whose train of Nereids is circumstantially depicted by Homer, though without a hint that the vertebrae of their backs were lengthened into tails. Extravagance of shape is only met with in the lowest orders of oceanick and terrestrial deities. Tritons are furnished with fins and tails, and Satyrs have horns and hoofs. But a Nereid's tail is an unclassical image adopted from modern sign-posts, and happily exposed to ridicule by Hogarth, in his print of *Strolling Actresses dressing in a Barn*. What Horace too has reprobed as a disgusting combination, can never hope to be received as a pattern of the graceful:

"——ut turpiter atrum  
 Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne."

I allow that the figure at the helm of the vessel was likewise a Mermaid or Nereid; but all mention of a tail is wanting there, as in every other passage throughout the dramas of our author, in which a Mermaid is introduced.

The plain sense of the contested passage seems to be—that these Ladies rendered that homage which their assumed characters obliged them to pay to their Queen, a circumstance ornamental to themselves. Each inclined her person so gracefully, that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty.

STEEVENS.

[3] *Yarely*, that is, readily and dexterously perform the task they undertake.

STEEVENS.

[4] Alluding to an axiom in the Peripatetic philosophy then in vogue that Nature abhors a vacuum.

WARBURTON.

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper : she replied,  
It should be better, he became her guest ;  
Which she entreated : Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,  
For what his eyes eat only.

*Ag.* Royal wench !  
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed ;  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street :  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect, perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never ; he will not ;  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety :<sup>4</sup> Other women cloy  
Th' appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,  
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things  
Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests<sup>5</sup>  
Bless her, when she is riggish.<sup>6</sup>

[4] Such is the praise bestowed by Shakespeare on his heroine ; a praise that well deserves the consideration of our female readers. Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Ant ny, was no Venus ; and indeed the majority of ladies who most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, are known to have been less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting ; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments. STEEVENS.

[5] In this, and the foregoing description of Cleopatra's passage down the Cydnus, Dryden seems to have emulated Shakespeare, and not without success :

“ ----she's dangerous :

Her eyes have power beyond Thessalian charms,  
To draw the moon from heaven. For eloquence,  
The sea-green sirens taught her voice their flattery ;  
And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,  
Unmark'd of those that hear : Then, she's so charming,  
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth :  
The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles ;  
And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,  
Tley bless her wanton eyes. Even I who hate her,  
With a malignant joy behold such beauty,  
And while I curse desire it.”

Be it remembered however, that, in both instances, without a spark from Shakespeare, the blaze of Dryden might not have been enkindled. REED.

[6] *Rigg* is an antient word meaning a strumpet. STEEVENS.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in CÆSAR'S House. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants and a Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* The world, and my great office, will sometimes  
Divide me from your bosom...

*Oct.* All which time

Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir.—My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :  
I have not kept my square ; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

*Oct.* Good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆS. and OCTA.*]

*Ant.* Now, sirrah ! you do wish yourself in Egypt ?

*Sooth.* 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you  
Thither !

*Ant.* If you can, your reason ?

*Sooth.* I see't in

My motion, have it not in my tongue :<sup>1</sup> But yet  
Hie you again to Egypt.

*Ant.* Say to me ;

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine ?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :  
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar's is not ; but, near him, thy angel  
Becomes a Fear,<sup>2</sup> as being o'erpower'd ; therefore  
Make space enough between you:

[1] *Motion*, that is, the divinitory agitation.

WARBURTON.

[2] A *Fear* was a personage in some of the old moralities. In the sacred writings, *Fear* is also a person: "I will put a Fear in the land of Egypt." *Exodus.*

STEEVENS.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.  
If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds ; thy lustre thickens,  
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;  
But, he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone :

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him :—*[Exit Sooth.*  
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,  
He hath spoken true : The very dice obey him ;  
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints  
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought ; and his quails<sup>3</sup> ever  
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.<sup>4</sup> I will to Egypt :  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

I'the east my pleasure lies :—O, come, Ventidius,  
You must to Parthia ; your commission's ready :  
Follow me, and receive it. *[Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*The same. A Street. Enter LEPIDUS, MECENAS, and  
AGRIPPA.*

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further : pray you, hasten  
Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mec.* We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at the mount<sup>5</sup>  
Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter,  
My purposes do draw me much about ;  
You'll win two days upon me.

*Mec. Agr.* Sir, good success !

*Lep.* Farewell.

*[Exeunt.*

[3] The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. JOHNSON.

[4] *Inhoop'd*--is inclosed that they may fight. JOHNSON.

[5] i. e. Mount Misenum. STEEVENS.

## SCENE V.

*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Give me some music ; music, moody food<sup>6</sup>  
Of us that trade in love.

*Attend.* The music, ho !

*Enter MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone ; let us to billiards :  
Come, Charmian.

*Char.* My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,  
As with a woman ;—Come, you'll play with me, sir ?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good-will is show'd, though it come  
too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :—  
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river : there,  
My music, playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say, Ah, ha ! you're caught.

*Char.* 'Twas merry, when  
You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.* That time !—O times !—  
I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience : and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan. O ! from Italy ;—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings<sup>7</sup> in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Mes.* Madam, madam,—

[6] The *mood* is the mind, or mental disposition. Van Haaren's panegyric on the English begins, *Groot moedig Volk*, (great-minded nation.) Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between *mood* the mind, and *moods* of music. JOHNSON.

[7] *Ram* is a vulgar word, never used in our author's plays, but once by Falstaff, where he describes his situation in the buck-basket. In the passage before us, it is evidently a misprint for *rain*. RITSON.

*Cleo.* Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :

But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand, that kings

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

*Mes.* First, madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark ; We use

To say, the dead are well : bring it to that,

The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mes.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will ;

But there's no goodness in thy face : If Antony

Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings ? If not well,

Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,

Not like a formal man.<sup>6</sup>

*Mes.* Will't please you hear me ?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st :

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,

Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich pearls upon thee.<sup>7</sup>

*Mes.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mes.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mes.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mes.* But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like *but yet*, it does allay

The good precedence ;<sup>8</sup> fye upon *but yet* :

*But yet* is as a gaoler to bring forth.

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together : He's friend with Cæsar ;

[6] By a *formal* man, Shakespeare means, a man in his senses. *Informal* women, in *Measure for Measure*, is used for women beside themselves. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. I will give thee a kingdom: it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold-dust* and *seed-pearl*. So Milton,

“---the gorgeous east with liberal hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric *pearl* and *gold*.”

[8] i. e. Abates the good quality of what is already reported.



In state of health, thou say'st ; and, thou say'st, free.

*Mes.* Free, madam ! no ; I made no such report :  
He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn ?

*Mes.* For the best turn i'the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mes.* Madam, he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee !  
[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mes.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you ?—Hence, [*Strikes him again.*]  
Horrible villain ! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head ;

[*She hales him up and down.*]  
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

*Mes.* Gracious madam,  
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud ; the blow thou hadst  
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage ;  
And I will boot thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

*Mes.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a dagger.*]

*Mes.* Nay, then I'll run :—

What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself ;  
The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—  
Melt Egypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents !—Call the slave again ;  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him :—Call.

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him :—

These hands do lack nobility,<sup>9</sup> that they strike  
A meaner than myself ; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

[9] This thought seems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbid a knight to engage with his inferior. STEEVENS. Perhaps here was intended an indirect censure of Queen Elizabeth, for her unprincely and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of Essex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when a stroke at her proud and passionate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her majesty used to chastise *them* too) might be safely hazarded MALONE.

*Re-enter Messenger.*

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves, when they be felt.

*Mes.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,  
If thou again say, Yes.

*Mes.* He is married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee ! dost thou hold there  
still ?

*Mes.* Should I lie, madam ?

*Cleo.* O, I would, thou didst ;

So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made  
A cistern for scal'd snakes ! Go, get thee hence ;  
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married ?

*Mes.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married ?

*Mes.* Take no offence, that I would not offend you :  
To punish me for what you make me do,  
Seems much unequal : He is married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O, that his faults should make a knave of thee,  
'That art not !—What ? thou'rt sure of't ?—Get thee  
hence :

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,  
Are all too dear for me ; Lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em ! *[Exit Messenger.]*

*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for't now. Lead me from hence,  
I faint ; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter :—  
Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him  
Report the feature of Octavia,<sup>7</sup> her years,  
Her inclination, let him not leave out  
The colour of her hair :—bring me word quickly.—

*[Exit ALEXAS.]*

Let him for ever go :<sup>8</sup>—Let him not—Charmian,  
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

[7] *Feature* antiently appears to have signified *beauty* in general. STEEVENS.  
[8] *She* is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but Antony. JOHNSON.

T'other way he's a Mars :—Bid you Alexas

[To MARDIAN.

Bring me word, how tall she is.--Pity me, Charmian,  
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE VI.

*Near Misenum. Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECENAS, with Soldiers marching.*

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine :  
And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.* Most meet,  
That first we come to words ; and therefore have we  
Our written purposes before us sent ;  
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword ;  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,  
That else must perish here.

*Pom.* To you all three,  
The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,  
Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
Having a son, and friends ; since Julius Cæsar,  
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,  
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,  
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire ? And what  
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,  
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,  
To drench the Capitol ; but that they would  
Have one man but a man ? And that is it,  
Hath made me rig my navy ; at whose burden  
The anger'd ocean foams ; with which I meant  
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome  
Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,<sup>9</sup>  
We'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou know'st  
How much we do o'er-count thee.

*Pom.* At land, indeed,  
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house :  
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,

[9] Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy.

JOHNSON.

Remain in't, as thou may'st.<sup>1</sup>

*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us,  
(For this is from the present,<sup>2</sup>) how you take  
The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
What it is worth embrac'd.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates ; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome : This 'greed upon,  
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back  
Our targe undinted.

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* That's our offer.

*Pom.* Know then,  
I came before you here, a man prepar'd  
To take this offer : but Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience :—Though I lose  
The praise of it by telling, You must know,  
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey ;  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,  
Which I do owe you.

*Pom.* Let me have your hand :  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

*Ant.* The beds i'the east are soft ; and thanks to you,  
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;  
For I have gain'd by it.

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face ;<sup>3</sup>  
But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep.* Well met here.

*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :  
I crave, our composition may be written,

[1] Since, like the cuckoo that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can. JOHNSON.

[2] That is, foreign to the object of our present discussion. STEEVENS.

[3] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetic. WARBURTON.

And seal'd between us.

*Cæs.* That's the next to do.

*Pom.* We'll feast each other, ere we part : and let us  
Draw lots who shall begin.

*Ant.* That will I, Pompey.

*Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot : but, first,  
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar  
Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meanings, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to them.

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard :—  
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

*Eno.* No more of that :—He did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you ?

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.<sup>4</sup>

*Pom.* I know thee now ; How far'st thou, soldier ?

*Eno.* Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,  
Four feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand ;  
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.* Sir,  
I never lov'd you much ; but I have prais'd you,  
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much  
As I have said you did.

*Pom.* Enjoy thy plainness,  
It nothing ill becomes thee.—  
Aboard my galley I invite you all :  
Will you lead, lords ?

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* Show us the way, sir.

*Pom.* Come.

[*Exe. POM. CÆS. ANT. LEP. Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

*Men.* Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this  
treaty.—[*Aside.*] You and I have known, sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land.

[4] This is from North's Plutarch, 1579. "Cleopatra trussed up in a matresse, and so brought to Cæsar upon Apollodorus' backe." RITSON.

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise me :<sup>3</sup> though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own safety ; you have been a great thief by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas : If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Men.* No slander ; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

*Men.* You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here ; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra ?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir ; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray you, sir ?

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity : Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.<sup>4</sup>

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so ?

*Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so ; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again : then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar ; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. An-

[3] The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character like the speaker's ; and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflection.

WARBURTON.

[4] *Conversation*--that is, behaviour, manner of acting in common life. So in *Ps.* xxxvii. 14 ; " --to slay such as be of upright conversation. STEEVENS.

tony will use his affection where it is ; he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard ? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir : we have used our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come ; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VII.

*On board POMPEY'S Galley, lying near Misenum. Music.*

*Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.*

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man : Some o'their plants<sup>4</sup> are ill-rooted already, the least wind in the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.<sup>5</sup>

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition,<sup>6</sup> he cries out, *no more* ; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship : I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.<sup>7</sup>

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.<sup>8</sup>

*A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.*

*Ant.* Thus do they, sir : [*To CÆSAR.*] They take the flow o'the Nile

[4] *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the *feet*, from the Latin. JOHNSON.

[5] *Alms-drink*—a phrase amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. WARBURTON.

[6] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *Touching one in a sore place*.

WARBURTON.

[7] A *partizan*—a pike. JOHNSON.

[8] This speech seems to be mutilated ; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this. "To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a very ignominious state ; great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disaster the cheeks." JOHNSON.

By certain scales i'the pyramid ; they know,  
 By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,  
 Or foizon, follow :<sup>8</sup> The higher Nilus swells,  
 The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman  
 Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
 And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You have strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud  
 by the operation of your sun ; so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept ; I fear me, you'll be in,  
 till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyr-  
 amises<sup>9</sup> are very goodly things ; without contradiction, I  
 have heard that.

*Men.* Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*

*Pom.* Say in mine ear : What is't ?

*Men.* Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,  
 And hear me speak a word.

[*Aside.*

*Pom.* Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

*Lep.* What manner o'thing is your crocodile ?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself ; and it is as broad as  
 it hath breadth : it is just so high as it is, and moves with  
 its own organs : it lives by that which nourisheth it ; and  
 the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of ?

*Ant.* Of its own colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him ?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is  
 a very epicure.

*Pom.* [*To MENUS aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang ! Tell me  
 of that ? away !

[8] *Foizon* is a French word signifying plenty, abundance. I am told that it is still in common use in the North. STEEVENS.

[9] *Pyramis* for *pyramids* was in common use in our author's time. From this word Shakespeare formed the English plural, *pyramises*, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated whose tongue is now beginning to "split what it speaks." In other places he has introduced the Latin plural *pyramides*, which was constantly used by our ancient writers. MALONE.



Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for ?

*Men.* If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,  
Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*

*Pom.* I think, thou'rt mad.

The matter ? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith : What's  
else to say ?

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quick-sands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world ?

*Pom.* What say'st thou ?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world ? That's  
twice.

*Pom.* How should that be ?

*Men.* But entertain it, and,

Although thou think me poor, I am the man

Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well ?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove ;

Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,

Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

*Pom.* Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors,<sup>8</sup>

Are in thy vessel : Let me cut the cable ;

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats :

All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou should'st have done,

And not have spoke on't ! In me, 'tis villany ;

In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour ;

Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act : Being done unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done ;

But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* For this,

[*Aside.*

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.<sup>9</sup>

Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

[8] *Competitors*---Confederates, partners.

STEEVENS.

[9] *Palled*---is vapid, past its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that has lost its original sprightliness.

JOHNSON.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus.

*Ant.* Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas.

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome.

*Pom.* Fill, till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off LEPIDUS.*]

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

*Men.* The third part then is drunk: Would it were all,  
That it might go on wheels!

*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the reels.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!

Here is to Cæsar.

*Cæs.* I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,  
And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o'the time.

*Cæs.* Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather  
fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor!

[*To ANT.*]

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let us all take hands;

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense  
In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—

The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;

The holding every man shall bear, as loud

As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. ENO. places them hand in hand.*]

[1] *Strike the vessels*—means chink the vessels one against the other as a mark of our unanimity in drinking, as we now say, *chink glasses.* STEEVENS.

So, in one of Iago's songs:

“And let me the *cannikin clink.*”

RITSON.

*Vessels* probably meant *kettle-drums*, which were beaten when the health of a person of eminence was drank; immediately after we have, “make battery to our ears with the loud music.” They are called *kettles* in *Hamlet*:

“Give me the cups;

And let the *kettle* to the trumpet speak.”

HOLT WHITE.

## SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
 Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :<sup>3</sup>  
 In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;  
 With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;  
 Cup us, till the world go round ;  
 Cup us, till the world go round !

Cæs. What would you more ?—Pompey, good night.  
 —Good brother,

Let me request you off : our graver business  
 Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;  
 You see, we have burnt our cheeks : Strong Enobarbe  
 Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue  
 Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost  
 Antick'd us all. What needs more words ? Good night.  
 —Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o'the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir : give's your hand. .

Pom. O, Antony,

You have my father's house,—But what ? we are friends :  
 Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt POM. CÆS. ANT. and Attendants.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums !—these trumpets, flutes ! what !—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows : Sound, and be hang'd, sound out.

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho, says 'a !—There's my cap.

Men. Ho !—noble captain !

Come !

[*Exeunt.*]

[3] Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, says a *pink eye* is a small eye, and quotes this passage for his authority. *Pink eyne*, however, may mean *red eyes* : eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. So, in Julius Cæsar :

“-----such *ferret* and such *fiery eyes*.”

It should be observed, however, that from the following passage in P. Holland's translation of the 11th Book of Pliny's *Natural History*, it appears that *pink-eyed* signified the smallness of eyes : “---also them that were *pinke-eyed* and had verie small eies, they termed *ocella*.”

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria. Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;<sup>4</sup> and now Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body Before our army:—Thy Pacorus,<sup>5</sup> Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius, Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm, The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media, Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither The routed fly: So thy grand captain Antony Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.* O Silius, Silius, I have done enough: A lower place, note well, May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius; Better leave undone, than by our deeds acquire Too high a fame, when him we serve's away. Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won More in their officer, than person: Sossius, One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant, For quick accumulation of renown, Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour. Who does i'the wars more than his captain can, Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition, The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss, Than gain, which darkens him. I could do more to do Antonius good, But 'twould offend him; and in his offence Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, That without which a soldier, and his sword, Grants scarce distinction.<sup>6</sup> Thou wilt write to Antony?

[4] *Struck*—alludes to *darting*. Thou whose darts have so often struck others art struck now thyself. JOHNSON.

[5] Pacorus was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia. STEEVENS.

[6] *Grant*—for afford. It is badly and obscurely expressed; but the sense is this, "thou hast that, Ventidius, which, if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless."

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
That magical word of war, we have effected ;  
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia,  
We have jaded out o'the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now ?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens : whither with what  
haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,  
We shall appear before him.—On, there ; pass along.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Rome. An Anti-Chamber in CÆSAR'S House. Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted ?

*Eno.* They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone :  
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome ; Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one : O, how he loves Cæsar !

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony !

*Eno.* Cæsar ? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

*Agr.* What's Antony ? the god of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar ? How ? the nonpareil !

*Agr.* O Antony ! O thou Arabian bird !<sup>8</sup>

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar ;—go no  
further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best :—Yet he loves Antony :  
Ho ! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot  
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love  
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,  
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle.<sup>9</sup> So—

[*Trumpets.*]

This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages ; and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight. WARBURTON.

[8] *Arabian bird*—the phoenix. JOHNSON.

[9] That is, they are the wings that raise this heavy lumpish insect from the ground. So, in *Macbeth* :

“———the shard-bone beetle.”

STEEVENS.

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier ; and farewell.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* No further, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself ;  
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band  
Shall pass on thy approval.<sup>1</sup>—Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set  
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter  
The fortress of it : for better might we  
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended  
In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious,<sup>2</sup> the least cause  
For what you seem to fear : So, the gods keep you,  
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !  
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well ;  
The elements be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

*Oct.* My noble brother !—

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes : It is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on :—Be cheerful.

*Oct.* Sir, look well to my husband's house ; and—

*Cæs.* What,  
Octavia ?

*Oct.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down feather,  
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* Will Cæsar weep ? *[Aside to AGRIP.*

*Agr.* He has a cloud in's face.

*Eno.* He were the worse for that, were he a horse ;<sup>3</sup>

[1] As I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct.  
JOHNSON. *Band* and *bond*, in our author's time, were synonymous.

MALONE.

[2] i. e. scrupulous. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew* :

“ For curious I cannot be with you.” STEEVENS.

[3] A horse is said to have a cloud in his face, when he has a black or dark

So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* Why, Enobarbus ?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring : and he wept,  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum ;  
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd :  
Believe it, till I wept too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come ;  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love :  
Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu ; be happy !

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way !

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell !

[Kisses OCTAVIA.

*Ant.* Farewell !

[Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*Alexandria.* A Room in the Palace. Enter CLEOPATRA,  
CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow ?

*Alex.* Half afeard to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to :—Come hither, sir.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alex.* Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,  
But when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head  
I'll have : But how ? when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

*Mes.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold  
Octavia ?

*Mes.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where ?

*Mes.* Madam, in Rome  
I look'd her in the face ; and saw her led

coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish.

Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me ?<sup>4</sup>

*Mes.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak ? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low ?

*Mes.* Madam, I heard her speak ; she is low-voic'd.

*Cleo.* That's not so good :—he cannot like her long.<sup>5</sup>

*Char.* Like her ? O Isis ! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian. Dull of tongue, and dwarfish !—

What majesty is in her gait ? Remember,  
If e'er thou lookd'st on majesty.

*Mes.* She creeps ;

Her motion and her station are as one :<sup>6</sup>

She shows a body rather than a life ;

A statue, than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain ?

*Mes.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing,

I do perceiv't :—There's nothing in her yet :—

The fellow has good judgment.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

*Mes.* Madam,

She was a widow.

*Cleo.* Widow ?—Charmian hark.<sup>7</sup>

*Mes.* And I do think, she's thirty.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind ? Is it long, or round ?

*Mes.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For the most part too,

[4] This scene, says Dr. Grey, is a manifest allusion to the questions put by queen Elizabeth to sir James Melvil, concerning his mistress the queen of Scots. STEEV. I see no probability that Shakespeare should here allude to a conversation that passed between Queen Elizabeth and a Scottish ambassador in 1564, the very year in which he was born, and does not appear to have been made public for above three-score years after his death ; Melvil's *Memoirs* not being printed till 1683. Such enquiries, no doubt, are perfectly natural to rival females, whether queens or cinderwenches. RITSON.

[5] It has been justly observed that the poet had probably Queen Elizabeth here in his thoughts. The description given of her by a contemporary, about twelve years after her death, strongly confirms this supposition. "She was (says the Continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*) tall of stature, strong in every limb and joynt, her fingers small and long, her voyce loud and shrill." MALONE.

[6] *Station*—in this instance, means the act of standing. So, in *Hamlet* :  
"A station like the herald Mercury." STEEVENS.

[7] Cleopatra rejoices in this circumstance, as it sets Octavia on a level with herself, who was no virgin when she fell to the lot of Antony. STEEVENS.



They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour ?

*Mes.* Brown, madam : And her forehead is as low  
As she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There is gold for thee.  
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :—  
I will employ thee back again ; I find thee  
Most fit for business : Go, make thee ready ;  
Our letters are prepar'd.

[*Exit Mess.*

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so : I repent me much,  
That I so harry'd him.<sup>9</sup> Why, methinks, by him,  
This creature's no such thing.

*Char.* O, nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else defend,  
And serving you so long !

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet, good  
Charmian :—

But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write : All may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*Athens.* A Room in ANTONY'S House. Enter ANTONY and  
OCTAVIA.

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—  
That were excusable, that, and thousands more  
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd  
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and read it  
To public ear ;  
Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not  
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me :  
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,  
Or did it from his teeth,

*Oct.* O my good lord,  
Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,  
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts :  
And the good gods will mock me presently,

[8] To harry, is to use roughly, harass, subdue. STEEVENS. To harry, is, to hunt. Hence the word harrier. King James threatened the Puritans that "he would harry them out of the land." HENLEY.

When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*  
 Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
*O, bless my brother!* Husband win, win brother.  
 Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway  
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks  
 Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,  
 I lose myself: better I were not yours,  
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,  
 Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,  
 I'll raise the preparation of a war  
 Shall stain your brother;<sup>9</sup> Make your soonest haste;  
 So your desires are yours.

*Oct.* Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,  
 Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be  
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
 Should solder up the rift.<sup>1</sup>

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins,  
 Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults  
 Can never be so equal, that your love  
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going;  
 Choose your own company, and command what cost  
 Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*The same. Another Room in the same. Enter ENOBARBUS  
 and EROS, meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros?

*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old; What is the success?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars  
 against Pompey, presently denied him rivalry;<sup>2</sup> would  
 not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not  
 resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote

[9] *Stain*, that is, shame, or disgrace him. JOHNSON.

[1] The sense is, that war between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion. JOHNSON.

[2] *Rivalry*—equal rank. JOHNSON.

to Pompey ; upon his own appeal, seizes him :<sup>3</sup> So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more ;  
And throw between them all the food thou hast,  
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony ?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus ; and spurns  
The rush that lies before him : cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*  
And threatens the throat of that his officer,  
That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigged.

*Eros.* For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius ;<sup>4</sup>  
My lord desires you presently : my news  
I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught :  
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA,  
and MECÆNAS.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this : And  
more ;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—  
I'the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthron'd : at the feet, sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;  
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her  
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,<sup>5</sup>  
Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the public eye ?

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

[3] To *appeal* in Shakespeare, is to *accuse* ; Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation. JOHNSON.

[4] I have something *more* to tell you, which I might have told at first, and delayed my news. Antony requires your presence. JOHNSON.

[5] For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Lybia*. JOHNSON.  
In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Thomas North, in folio, 1597,<sup>a</sup> will be seen at once the origin of this mistake : " First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria."

\* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated :

" 'Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,  
That Latin French, that French to English straid :  
Thus 'twixt one Plutarch there's more difference,  
Than i' th' same Englishman return'd from France."

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings :  
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience  
As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus  
Inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, queasy with his insolence  
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it ; and have now receiv'd  
His accusations.

*Agr.* Whom does he accuse ?

*Cæs.* Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o'the isle : then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be depos'd ; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.  
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;  
'That he his high authority abus'd,  
And did deserve his change ; for what I have conquer'd,  
I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA.*

*Oct.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear Cæsar !

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee, cast-away !

*Oct.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus ? You come not  
Like Cæsar's sister : The wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way,  
Should have borne men ; and expectation fainted,  
Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
Rais'd by your populous troops : But you are come

A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented  
The ostent of our love, which, left unshown  
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you  
By sea, and land ; supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

*Oct.* Good my lord,  
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,  
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
My grieved ear withal ; whereon, I begg'd  
His pardon for return.

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,  
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.<sup>6</sup>

*Oct.* Do not say so, my lord.

*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him,  
And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
Where is he now ?

*Oct.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cæs.* No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra  
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire  
Up to a whore ; who now are levying  
The kings o'the earth for war : He hath assembled  
Bocchus, the king of Lybia ; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king  
Of Paphlagonia ; the Tracian king, Adallas ;  
King Malchus of Arabia ; king of Pont ;  
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,  
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a  
More larger list of scepters.

*Oct.* Ah me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
That do afflict each other !

*Cæs.* Welcome hither :  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;  
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,  
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities ;  
But let determin'd things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome :  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd

[6] That is, his wife being an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his wanton pleasures with Cleopatra.      **WARBURTON.**

Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,  
To do you justice, make them ministers  
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort ;  
And ever welcome to us.

*Agr.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off ;  
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,<sup>6</sup>  
That noises it against us.

*Oct.* Is it so, sir ?

*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome : Pray you,  
Be ever known to patience : My dearest sister ! [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VII.

ANTONY'S Camp, near the Promontory of Actium. Enter  
CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why ?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars ;<sup>7</sup>  
And say'st, it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well, is it ? is it ?

*Cleo.* Is't not ? Denounce against us, why should not we  
Be there in person ?<sup>8</sup>

*Eno.* [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply :—  
If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely lost ; the mares would bear  
A soldier, and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is't you say ?

[6] *Regiment*—is government, authority ; he puts his power and his empire into the hands of a false woman.

It may be observed, *trull* was not, in our author's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as *wench* is now. JOHNSON.

[7] *To forspoke*, is to contradict, to speak against, as *forbid* is to order negatively. JOHNSON.

[8] Cleopatra means to say, "Is not the war denounced against us? Why should we not then attend in person?" She says, a little lower,

"-----A charge we bear i' the war,  
And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man."

She speaks of herself in the plural number, according to the usual style of sovereigns. M. MASON. I read with the old copy, introducing only the change of a single letter,---*denounc't* instead of *denounc'd*. There is, however, in the folio, a comma after the word *not*, and no point of interrogation at the end of the sentence. MALONE. Surely no valid inference can be drawn from such uncertain premises as the punctuation of the old copy, which (to use the words of Rosalind and Touchstone in *As you like it*) is "as fortune will, or as the destinies decree."

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony ;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,  
What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity ; and 'tis said in Rome,  
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,  
Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome ; and their tongues rot,  
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i'the war,  
And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;  
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done :  
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

*Ant.* Is't not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in Toryne ?—You have heard on't, sweet ?

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd,  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well become the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea ! what else ?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so ?

*Ant.* For he dares us to't.

*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : But these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off ;  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well-mann'd :  
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress : In Cæsar's fleet  
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought :  
Their ships are yare ;<sup>9</sup> yours, heavy. No disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land ;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist

[9] *Yare*—generally signifies dextrous, manageable.

Of war-mark'd footmen ; leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forego  
The way which promises assurance ; and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium  
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

*Enter a Messenger.*

We then can do't at land.—Thy business ?

*Mes.* The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;  
Cæsar has taken Tòryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person ? 'tis impossible ;  
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse :—We'll to our ship ;

*Enter a Soldier.*

Away, my Thetis !—How now, worthy soldier ?

*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;  
Trust not to rotten planks : Do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds ? Let the Egyptians,  
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking ; we  
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well, away. [*Exe. ANT. CLEO. and ENO.*]

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think, I am i'the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art : but his whole action grows  
Not in the power on't :<sup>1</sup> So our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea :  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
Carries beyond belief.<sup>2</sup>

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions,<sup>3</sup> as

[1] That is, his whole conduct becomes unguided by the right or by reason. JOHNSON. Canidius means to say, His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, (namely, his *land force*), but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea. MALONE.

[2] Perhaps this phrase is from archery. STEEVENS.

[3] *Distractions*—detachments, separate bodies. JOHNSON.



Beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you ?

*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* The emperor calls for Canidius.

*Can.* With news the time's with labour, and throes forth,  
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VIII.

*A Plain near Actium. Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.*

*Cæs.* Taurus,—

*Taur.* My lord.

*Cæs.* Strike not by land ; keep whole :  
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.  
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll :  
Our fortune lies upon this jump.<sup>4</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yon' side o'the hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle ; from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army one way over the stage : and TAURUS, the lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught ! I can behold no longer :  
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,<sup>5</sup>  
With all their sixty. fly, and turn the rudder ;  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter SCARUS.*

*Scar.* Gods, and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them !

*Eno.* What's thy passion ?

[4] *Jump*—hazard. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ We'd *jump* the life to come.”

STEEVENS.

[5] *The Antoniad*—which Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship.

POPE.

*Scar.* 'The greater cantle of the world<sup>6</sup> is lost  
With very ignorance ; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight ?

*Scar.* On our side like the token'd pestilence,<sup>7</sup>  
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,<sup>8</sup>  
Whom leprosy o'ertake !<sup>9</sup> i'the midst of the fight,—  
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—  
The brize upon her,<sup>1</sup> like a cow in June,  
Hoists sails, and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld : mine eyes  
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not  
Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being loof'd,<sup>2</sup>  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doating mallard,  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :  
I never saw an action of such shame ;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before,  
Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack !

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :  
O, he has given example for our flight,  
Most grossly, by his own.

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good night  
Indeed. [*Aside.*

*Can.* Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to it ; and there I will attend  
What further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render

[6] *Cantle*—a piece or lump. POPE. Cantle is rather a corner. Cæsar, in this play, mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. JOHNSON.

[7] *Token'd*, spotted. JOHNSON.  
The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appeared on the skin ; and these were called *God's tokens*. STEEVENS.

[8] A *Ribald*—is a lewd fellow. *Yon ribald-rid nag*, means "yon strumpet who is common to every wanton fellow." STEEVENS.

[9] *Leprosy*—an epidemical distemper of the Egyptians ; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line.

Contaminato cum grege turpium  
Morbo virorum. JOHNSON.

[1] The *brize* or *æstrum*, the fly that stings cattle.

JOHNSON.  
STEEVENS.

[2] To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind.

My legions, and my horse ; six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony,<sup>3</sup> though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

*Alexandria.* A room in the Palace. *Enter ANTONY and Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,  
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither,  
I am so lated in the world,<sup>4</sup> that I  
Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship  
Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*Att.* Fly ! not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself ; and have instructed cowards  
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone ;  
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you ; be gone :  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :  
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone ; you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left  
Which leaves itself : To the sea-side straightway :  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
Leave me, I pray, a little : 'pray you now :—  
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,<sup>5</sup>  
Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*]

*Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him :—Comfort him.

[3] I know not whether the author, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field, might not have written,

The wounded chase of Antony.-----

The allusion is to a deer wounded and chased, whom all other deer avoid. "I will, says Enobarbus, follow Antony, tho' chased and wounded." JOHNSON.

[4] Alluding to a benighted traveller. JOHNSON.

[5] I am not master of my own emotions. JOHNSON.

*Iras.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do! why, what else?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno!

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, sir?

*Ant.* O fye, fye, fye.

*Char.* Madam,—

*Iras.* Madam; O good empress!—

*Eros.* Sir, sir,—

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept  
His sword even like a dancer;<sup>6</sup> while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,  
That the mad Brutus ended:<sup>7</sup> he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry,<sup>8</sup> and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

*Cleo.* Ah, stand by.

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him;  
He is unqualified with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;  
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but<sup>9</sup>  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation;  
A most unnooble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,  
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes

[6] In the Morisco, and perhaps anciently in the Pyrrhick dance, the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward. JOHNSON.

I believe it means that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. STEEVENS. Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the wars, says—

“I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,  
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,  
But one to dance with.”

The word *worn* shows that in both passages our author was thinking of the English, and not of the Pyrrhick, or the Morisco, dance, (as Dr. Johnson supposed,) in which the sword was not worn at the side, but held in the hand with the point upward. MALONE.

[7] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, *madness*. WARBURTON.

[8] I know not whether the meaning is, that Cæsar acted only as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony. JOHNSON. Dealt on lieutenancy, I believe, means only, *fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or on the strength of his lieutenants.

[9] *But* has here, the force of except, or unless. JOHNSON.

By looking back on what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord!

Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well,  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,<sup>2</sup>  
And thou shouldst tow me after: O'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

*Cleo.* O, my pardon.

*Ant.* Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who  
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I pleas'd,  
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,  
How much you were my conqueror; and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.* O pardon, pardon.

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates  
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;  
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,  
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—  
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune  
knows,  
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE X.

*CÆSAR'S Camp, in Egypt. Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA,  
THYREUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that's come from Antony.—  
Know you him?

*Dol.* Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:<sup>3</sup>  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
Not many moons gone by.

[2] That is, by the heart-string. JOHNSON.

[3] He was schoolmaster to Antony's children by Cleopatra.

*Enter EUPHRONIUS.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Eup.* Such as I am, I come from Antony :  
I was of late as petty to his ends,  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf  
To his grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be it so ; Declare thine office.

*Eup.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,  
He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens : This for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;  
Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,<sup>4</sup>  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,  
Or take his life there : This if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Eup.* Fortune pursue thee !

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands. *[Exit EUP.]*  
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time : Despatch ;  
*[To THYREUS.]*

From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,  
And in our name, what she requires ; add more,  
From thine invention, offers : women are not,  
In their best fortunes, strong ; but want will perjure  
'The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus ;  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;<sup>5</sup>  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall.

*[Exeunt.]*

[4] The circle-- the diadem ; the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

[5] i. e. how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune. JOHNSON.

## SCENE XI.

*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace. Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

*Eno.* Think, and die.<sup>6</sup>

*Cleo.* Is Antony, or we, in fault for this ?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What although you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
Frighted each other ? why should he follow ?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,  
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The meered question :<sup>7</sup> 'Twas a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.*

*Ant.* Is this his answer ?

*Eup.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen

Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield  
Us up.

*Eup.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cleo.* That head, my lord ?

*Ant.* To him again ; Tell him, he wears the rose

[6] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Drink and die.* I adhere to the old reading, which may be supported by the following passage in *Julius Cæsar* :

“-----all that he can do

Is to himself; *take thought, and die* for Cæsar.”

Mr. Tollet observes, that the expression of taking thought, in our old English writers, is equivalent to the being anxious or solicitous, or laying a thing much to heart. So, says he, it is used in our translations of The New Testament, Matthew vi. 25. &c. STEEVENS. *Think and die* :—Consider what mode of ending your life is most preferable, and immediately adopt it. HENLEY.

[7] *Mere*—is a boundary, and the *meered question*, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the disputed boundary. JOHNSON.

Of youth upon him ; from which, the world should note  
 Something particular : his coin, ships, legions,  
 May be a coward's ; whose ministers would prevail  
 Under the service of a child, as soon  
 As i'the command of Cæsar : I dare him therefore  
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
 And answer me declin'd, sword 'gainst sword,<sup>8</sup>  
 Ourselves alone : I'll write it ; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

*Eno.* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show<sup>9</sup>  
 Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are  
 A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward  
 Do draw the inward quality after them,  
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
 Answer his emptiness !—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd  
 His judgment too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony ?—See, my women !—  
 Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
 That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

*Eno.* Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [Aside.  
 The loyalty, well held to fools, does make  
 Our faith mere folly :—Yet, he, that can endure  
 To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
 And earns a place i'the story.

*Enter* THYREUS.

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will ?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends ; say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;  
 Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master  
 Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,  
 Whose he is, we are ; and that's, Cæsar's.

[8] I require of Cesar not to depend on that superiority which the comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this decline of my age or power. JOHNSON.

[9] Exhibited, like gladiators, to the public gaze. HENLEY.

[1] Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forgo a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion. JOHNSON.



*Thyr.* So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd ; Cæsar entreats,  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Further than he is Cæsar.<sup>2</sup>

*Cleo.* Go on : Right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows, that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* O !

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour, therefore, he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserv'd.

*Cleo.* He is a god, and knows  
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

*Eno.* To be sure of that, [*Aside.*  
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENO.*

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him ? For he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon :  
But it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his shrowd,  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name ?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation  
I kiss his conquering hand :<sup>3</sup> tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay

[2] That is, "Cæsar intreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar :"  
That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them. WARBURTON.

[3] The poet certainly wrote :

Say to great Cæsar this, In deputation

I kiss his conqu'ring hand :

That is, by proxy ; I depute you to pay him that duty in my name.

WARB.

My duty on your hand.<sup>4</sup>

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father  
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Favours, by Jove that thunders!—  
What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One, that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there :—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and  
devils!

Authority melts from me : Of late, when I cry'd *ho!*,  
Like boys unto a muss,<sup>5</sup> kings would start forth,  
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

*Enter Attendants.*

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

*Eno.* 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!

Whip him :—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her name,  
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy : Take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Tug him away : being whipp'd,  
Bring him again :—This Jack of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.—

*[Exeunt Attend. with THYREUS.]*

You were half blasted ere I knew you :—Ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  
By one that looks on feeders?<sup>6</sup>

[4] Grant me the favour. JOHNSON. [5] A muss, a scramble. POPE.

[6] A feeder, or an eater, was, anciently the term of reproach for a servant. One who looks ou feeders, is one who throws away her regard on servants, such as Antony would represent Thyreus to be. Thus, in *Cymbeline* :

“----that base wretch,  
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,  
The very scraps o'the court.” STEEVENS.

*Cleo.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever :—  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes ;  
In our own filth drop our clear judgments ; make us  
Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cleo.* O, is it come to this ?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel, cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out :—For, I am sure, ,  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this ?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say, *God quit you !* be familiar with  
My play fellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,  
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were  
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
The horned herd !<sup>7</sup> for I have savage cause ;  
And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank  
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

*Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.*

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cry'd he ? and begg'd he pardon ?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter : and be thou sorry  
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : henceforth,  
The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,  
Tell him thy entertainment : Look, thou say,  
He makes me angry with him : for he seems  
Proud and disdainful ; harping on what I am ;  
Not what he knew I was : he makes me angry ;  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't ;

[7] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury. JOHNSON. The idea of the *horned herd* was caught from *Psalms* xxii. 12: "Many oxen are come about me: fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side."

When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
 Into the abism of hell. If he mislike  
 My speech, and what is done ; tell him, he has  
 Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
 As he shall like, to quit me :<sup>8</sup> Urge it thou :  
 Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [Exit THYREUS.

*Cleo.* Have you done yet ?

*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon  
 Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone  
 The fall of Antony !

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
 With one that ties his points ?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet ?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me ?

*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be so,  
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
 And poison it in the source ; and the first stone  
 Drop in my neck : as it determines,<sup>9</sup> so  
 Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite !<sup>1</sup>  
 Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,  
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,  
 Lie graveless ; till the flies and gnats of Nile  
 Have buried them for prey !

*Ant.* I am satisfied :

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria ; where  
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
 Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too  
 Have knit again, and fleet,<sup>2</sup> threat'ning most sea-like.  
 Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou hear, lady ?  
 If from the field I shall return once more  
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;  
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle ;  
 There is hope in't yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord !

*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
 And fight maliciously : for when mine hours

[8] To repay me this insult ; to requite me. JOHNSON.

[9] *Determines*, that is, dissolves. M. MASON.

[1] Cesarion was son to Cleopatra by Julius Cesar. STEEV.

[2] *Fleet* is the old word for *float*. TYRWHITT.

Were nice<sup>3</sup> and lucky, men did ransome lives  
Of me for jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy night :<sup>4</sup> call to me  
All my sad captains, fill our bowls ; once more  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.* It is my birth-day :

I had thought, to have held it poor ; but, since my lord  
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We'll yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-night I'll force  
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen ;  
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,  
I'll make death love me ; for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANT. CLEO. and *Attend.*]

*Eno.* Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,  
Is, to be frightened out of fear ; and in that mood,  
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*]

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*CÆSAR's Camp at Alexandria. Enter CÆSAR,*  
*reading a letter ; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, and others.*

*Cæs.* HE calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power  
To beat me out of Egypt : my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal combat,  
Cæsar to Antony : Let the old ruffian know,  
I have many other ways to die ; mean time,

[3] *Nice*—seems to be, just fit for my purpose, agreeable to my wish. So we vulgarly say of any thing that is done better than was expected, it is *nice*.

JOHNSON.

[4] This is still an epithet bestowed on feast days in the colleges of either university. STEEVENS. *Gawdy*, or Grand Days in the Inns of court, are four in the year, Ascension day, Midsummer day, All-saints day, and Candlemas day. REED.

Laugh at his challenge.<sup>5</sup>

*Mec.* Cæsar must think,<sup>6</sup>

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of his distraction :<sup>7</sup> Never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads

Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight :—Within our files there are  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done ;  
And feast the army : we have store to do't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.

*Eno.* No.

*Ant.* Why should he not ?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,  
He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

*Eno.* I'll strike ; and cry, *Take all.*<sup>9</sup>

*Ant.* Well said ; come on.—

Call forth my household servants ; let's to-night,

[5] What a reply is this to Antony's challenge ? 'tis acknowledged that he should die under the unequal combat ; but if we read--

*He hath many other ways to die: mean time,  
I laugh at his challenge.*

In this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæsar. Let's hear Plutarch. After this, Antony sent a challenge to Cesar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that *he might find several other ways to end his life.* UPTON. Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations ; but Shakespeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one. FARMER.

[6] Read :

*Cæsar needs must think.* RITSON.

[7] Take advantage of. JOHNSON.

[8] Let the survivor take all. No composition, victory or death. JOHNSON.

*Enter Servants.*

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,  
'Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—  
And thou ;—and thou,—and thou :—you have serv'd me  
well,

And kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo.* What means this ?

*Eno.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

*Ant.* And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men ;  
And all of you clapp'd up together in  
An Antony ; that I might do you service,  
So good as you have done.

*Serv.* The gods forbid !

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night :  
Scant not my cups ; and make as much of me,  
As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* What does he mean ?

*Eno.* To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night ;

May be, it is the period of your duty ;  
Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,  
A mangled shadow : perchance, to-morrow  
You'll serve another master. I look on you,  
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
I turn you not away ; but, like a master  
Married to your good service, stay till death :  
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
And the gods yield you for't !

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,  
To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;  
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd :<sup>1</sup> for shame,  
'Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho !<sup>2</sup>

[1] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions.

JOHNSON.

[2] That is, stop, or desist. So, in Chaucer, *The Knightes Tale*, v. 1706, edit. 1775:

“ This duk his courser with his sporres smote,  
And at a stert he was betwixt hem two,  
And pulled out a swerd, and cried, *ho !*  
No more, up peine of lesing of your hed.”

And in *Myrrour of good Manners*, Ambition is compared to

“ The sackle insatiable,

The sackle without bottoime, which never can say *ho.*”

H. WHITE.

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus !  
 Grace grow where those drops fall ! My hearty friends,  
 You take me in too dolorous a sense :  
 I spake to you for comfort ; did desire you  
 To burn this night with torches : Know, my hearts,  
 I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you,  
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life,  
 Than death and honour.<sup>3</sup> Let's to supper ; come,  
 And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The same. Before the Palace. Enter two Soldiers to their guard.*

1 *Sold.* Brother, good-night : to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing : What news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour :

Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

*Enter two other Soldiers.*

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,

Have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you : Good night, good night.

*[The first two place themselves at their posts.]*

4 *Sold.* Here we : *[They take their posts.]* and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.

*[Music of hautboys under the stage.]*

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise ?

1 *Sold.* List, list !

2 *Sold.* Hark !

1 *Sold.* Music i'the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well,<sup>4</sup>

Does't not ?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean ?

[3] That is, an honourable death. UPTON.

[4] That is, it is a good sign, it bodes well, &c. STEEVENS.



2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,  
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk ; let's see if other watchmen  
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*]

2 *Sold.* How now, masters ?

*Sold.* How now ?

How now ? do you hear this ? [*Several speaking together.*]

1 *Sold.* Ay ; is't not strange ?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;  
Let's see how 'twill give off.

*Sold.* [*several speaking.*] Content : 'Tis strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*The same. A Room in the Palace. Enter ANTONY and  
CLEOPATRA ; CHARMIAN, and others, attending.*

*Ant.* Eros ! mine armour, Eros !

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck.—Eros, come ; mine armour, Eros !

*Enter EROS, with armour.*

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on :—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for ?

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be ! thou art

The armourer of my heart :—False, false ; this, this.

*Cleo.* Sooth, la, I'll help : Thus it must be.

*Ant.* Well, well ;

We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good fellow ?

Go, put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly, sir.<sup>5</sup>

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well ?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely :

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff't for our repose<sup>6</sup> shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this, than thou : Despatch.—O love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st

[5] That is, quickly, sir. JOHNSON.

[6] To *doff* is to *do off*; to put off. STEEVENS.

The royal occupation ! thou shouldst see

*Enter an Officer armed.*

A workman in't.—Good-morrow to thee ; welcome :  
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :  
To business that we love, we rise betime,  
And go to it with delight.

1 *Off.* A thousand, sir,  
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,  
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish*

*Enter other Officers and Soldiers.*

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good-morrow, general.

*All.* Good-morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—

So, so ; Come, give me that : this way ; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me :

This is a soldier's kiss ; rebukable, [*Kisses her.*

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment ; I'll leave thee

Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,

Follow me close ; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANT. EROS, Officers and Soldiers.*

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber ?

*Cleo.* Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight !

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

ANTONY'S Camp near Alexandria. Trumpets sound. *Enter*  
ANTONY and EROS ; a Soldier meeting them.

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony !

*Ant.* 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once pre-  
vail'd

To make me fight at land !

*Sold.* Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier

That has this morning left thee, would have still

Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning ?

*Sold.* Who ?

One ever near thee : Call for Enobarbus,  
He shall not hear thee ; or from Cæsar's camp  
Say, *I am none of thine.*

*Ant.* What say'st thou ?

*Sold.* Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone ?

*Sold.* Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it ;

Detain no jot, I charge thee : Write to him

(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings :

Say, that I wish he never find more cause

To change a master.—O, my fortunes have

Corrupted honest men :—Eros, despatch.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR,  
with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and others.

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight :

Our will is, Antony be took alive ;

Make it so known.

*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near :

Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world

Shall bear the olive freely.<sup>7</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Antony

Is come into the field.

*Cæs.* Go, charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,

That Antony may seem to spend his fury

Upon himself.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his train.*

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt ; and went to Jewry,

On affairs of Antony ; there did persuade

Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,

[7] i. e. shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture. **WARB.**  
To bear does not mean to produce, but to carry ; and the meaning is, that the  
world shall then enjoy the blessings of peace, of which olive branches were the  
emblem. The success of Augustus could not so change the nature of things, as to  
make the olive-tree grow without culture in all climates, but it shut the gates of the  
temple of Janus. **N. MASON.**

And leave his master Antony : for this pains,  
 Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest  
 That fell away, have entertainment, but  
 No honourable trust. I have done ill ;  
 Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
 That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR.*

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony  
 Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
 His bounty overplus : The messenger  
 Came on my guard ; and at thy tent is now,  
 Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock me not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true : Best that you saf'd the bringer  
 Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,  
 Or would have done't myself. Your emperor  
 Continues still a Jove.

[*Exit.*

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
 And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
 Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid  
 My better service, when my turpitude  
 Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows my heart :<sup>8</sup>  
 If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
 Shall out-strike thought ;<sup>9</sup> but thought will do't, I feel.  
 I fight against thee !—No : I will go seek  
 Some ditch, wherein to die ; the foul'st best fits  
 My latter part of life.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

*Field of Battle between the Camps. Alarum. Drums and  
 Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and others.*

*Agr.* Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :  
 Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression<sup>1</sup>  
 Exceeds what we expected.

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !  
 Had we done so at first, we had driven them home

[8] This generosity, (says Enobarbus,) swells my heart, so that it will quickly break, if thought break it not, a swifter mean---. JOHNSON.

To blow means to puff or swell. STEEVENS.

[9] Thought, in this passage, as in many others, signifies melancholy. MALONE.

[1] Oppression for opposition. WARBURTON.

With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes : I have yet  
Room for six scotches more.

*Enter EROS.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage serves  
For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I'll halt after.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VIII.

*Under the Walls of Alexandria. Alarum. Enter ANTONY,  
marching ; SCARUS, and Forces.*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp ; Run one before,  
And let the queen know of our guests.<sup>2</sup>—To-morrow,  
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all ;  
For doughty-handed are you ; and have fought  
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been  
Each man's like mine ; you have shown all Hectors.  
Enter the city, clip your wives,<sup>3</sup> your friends,  
Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand ;

[*To SCARUS.*]

*Enter CLEOPATRA attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,<sup>4</sup>  
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o'the world,  
Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,

[2] Antony, after his success, intends to bring his officers to sup with Cleopatra and orders notice to be given of their guests. JOHNSON.

[3] To clip is to embrace. STEEVENS.

[4] Mr. Upton has well observed, *fairy*, which Dr. Warburton and sir T. Hammer explain by *Inchantress*, comprises the idea of power and beauty.

Through proof of harness<sup>5</sup> to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triúmphing.

*Cleo.* Lord of lords !

O infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare<sup>6</sup> uncaught ?

*Ant.* My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ? though  
grey

Do something mingle with our brown ; yet have we  
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth.<sup>7</sup> Behold this man ;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—  
Kiss it, my warrior :—He hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand ;  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them :<sup>8</sup>  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we would all sup together ;  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines ;  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,  
Applauding our approach. *[Exeunt.*

## SCENE IX.

*CÆSAR'S Camp. Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.*

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard : The night  
Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle  
By the second hour i'the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was  
A shrewd one to us.

[5] That is, armour of proof. *Harnois, Fr. Arnese, Ital.* STEEVENS.

[6] That is, the war. So in the 116th *Psalm*: "The snares of death compassed me round about." STEEVENS.

[7] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal*: to win a goal, is to be superior in a contest of activity. JOHNSON.

[8] Bear our hack'd targets with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that own them! JOHNSON.

*Eno.* O, bear me witness, night,—

*3 Sold.* What man is this?

*2 Sold.* Stand close, and list to him.

*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!

*1 Sold.* Enobarbus!

*3 Sold.* Peace;

Hark further.

*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me;<sup>9</sup>  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular;  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony!

[Dies

*2 Sold.* Let's speak

To him.

*1 Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks  
May concern Cæsar.

*3 Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

*1 Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his  
Was never yet for sleeping.

*2 Sold.* Go we to him.

*3 Sold.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

*2 Sold.* Hear you, sir?

*1 Sold.* The hand of death has raught him.<sup>1</sup> Hark, the  
drums [Drums afar off.

Demurely wake the sleepers:<sup>2</sup> Let's bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour  
Is fully out.

*3 Sold.* Come on then;

He may recover yet.

[Exeunt with the body.

[9] That is, discharge, as a sponge, when squeezed, discharges the moisture it had imbibed. So, in *Hamlet*: "---it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again." STEEVENS.

[1] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to reach. STEEVENS.

[2] *Demurely* for solemnly. WARBURTON.

## SCENE X.

*Between the two Camps. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea ;  
We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would, they'd fight i'the fire, or in the air ;  
We'd fight there too. But this it is ; Our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city  
Shall stay with us : order for sea is given ;  
They have put forth the haven : Further on,  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.*

*Cæs.* But being charg'd, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take't, we shall ;<sup>4</sup> for his best force  
Is forth to man his gallies. 'To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.*

*Ant.* Yet they're not join'd : Where yonder pine does  
stand,  
I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

*Scar.* Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers  
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell ;—look grimly,  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

*[Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.]*

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Ant.* All is lost ;  
This foul Egyptian hath betray'd me :  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder  
They cast their caps up, and carouse together

[4] That is, unless we be charg'd we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charg'd* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be.* WARBURTON.

"*But* (says Mr. Lambe, in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Flodden*.) signifies *without*," in which sense it is often used in the North. "Boots *but* spurs." *Vulg.* Again, in Kelly's *Collection of Scot's Proverbs*: "—He could eat me *but* salt." Again : "He gave me whittings *but* bones." *But* is from the Saxon *Butan*. STEEVENS.



Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore!<sup>5</sup> 'tis thou  
 Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart  
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;  
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
 I have done all :—Bid them all fly, begone. [*Exe. SCAR.*  
 O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :  
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even here  
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The hearts  
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
 On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,  
 That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am :  
 O this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm,<sup>6</sup>—  
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home ;  
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,  
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,<sup>7</sup>  
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.<sup>8</sup>—  
 What, Eros, Eros !

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt.

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love ?

*Ant.* Vanish ; or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
 And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians :  
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
 Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shown  
 For poor'st diminutives, to dolts ; and let  
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up

[5] Cleopatra was first the mistress of Julius Cæsar, then of Cneius Pompey, and afterwards of Antony. To this, I think, the epithet *triple-turn'd* alludes. So, in a former scene :

“ I found you as a morsel, cold upon  
 Dead Cæsar's trencher ; nay, you are a fragment  
 Of Cneius Pompey.”

Mr. Tollet supposed that Cleopatra had been mistress to Pompey the Great ; but her lover was his eldest son, Cneius Pompey. MALONE.

[6] I believe grave charm means deadly, or destructive piece of witchcraft. In this sense the epithet grave is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. STEEVENS.

[7] There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Egyptian* into *gipsy*. The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune-telling, *Egyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table ; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt or girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the Gypsies in the time of Shakespeare. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[8] To the utmost loss possible. JOHNSON.

With her prepared nails.<sup>1</sup> [*Exit CLEOPATRA.*] 'Tis well  
 thou'rt gone ;  
 If it be well to live : But better 'twere!  
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !—  
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me : Teach me,  
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage ;  
 Let me lodge, Lichas, on the horns o'the moon ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,  
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die ;  
 To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
 Under this plot : she dies for't.—Eros, ho ! [*Exit.*]

## SCENE XI.

*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace. Enter CLEOPATRA,  
 CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad  
 Than Telamon for his shield ;<sup>3</sup> the boar of Thessaly  
 Was never so emboss'd.<sup>4</sup>

*Char.* To the monument ;  
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
 'The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
 Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To the monument :—  
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;  
 Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,  
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously : Hence,  
 Mardian ; and bring me how he takes my death.—  
 To the monument. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE XII.

*The same. Another Room. Enter ANTONY and EROS.*

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

*Ant.* Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish ;  
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory

[1] i. e. with nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose. WARBURTON.

[2] This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who says, Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate. WARBURTON.

[3] That is, than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. The boar of Thessaly was the boar killed by Meleager. STEEVENS.

[4] *Emboss'd*—a hunting term: when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imboast*. HANMER.

With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air : Thou hast seen these signs ;  
They are black vesper's pageants.<sup>6</sup>

*Eros.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,  
The rack dislimns ;<sup>6</sup> and makes it indistinct,  
As water is in water.

*Eros.* It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body : here I am Antony ;  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
I made these wars for Egypt ; and the queen,—  
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine ;  
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't  
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has  
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory  
Unto an enemy's triumph.—

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us

*Enter MARDIAN.*

Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady !  
She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony ;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace ;  
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once ;  
And that she has discharg'd : What thou wouldst do,  
Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake  
Was, Antony ! most noble Antony !

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony ; it was divided  
Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead then ?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Eros, unarm ; the long day's task is done,  
And we must sleep :—That thou depart'st hence safe,  
Does pay thy labour richly ; Go.—Off, pluck off ;—  
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep [*Exit MARDIAN.*]  
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !

[5] The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakespeare's age. T. WARTON.

[6] i. e. the fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture. STEEVENS.

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,  
 Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—  
 No more a soldier :—Bruised pieces, go ;  
 You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—  
 I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and [Exit EROS.  
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
 All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,  
 Lie down, and stray no further : Now all labour  
 Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles  
 Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done .<sup>8</sup>  
 Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :  
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :  
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

*Re-enter EROS.*

*Eros.* What would my lord ?

*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died,

I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods  
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
 With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack  
 The courage of a woman ; less noble mind  
 Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,  
*I am conqueror of myself.* Thou art sworn, Eros,  
 That, when the exigent should come, (which now  
 Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me  
 The inevitable prosecution of  
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
 Thou then wouldst kill me : Do't ; the time is come :  
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
 Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me !

Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,  
 'Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

*Ant.* Eros,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms,<sup>9</sup> bending down  
 His corrigible neck,<sup>1</sup> his face subdu'd

[8] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing completes the contract ; so he hath determined to die, and nothing remained but to give the stroke. WARBURTON.

I believe the reading is: *Seal then, and all is done.*----

To *seal hawks* is to close their eyes. JOHNSON.

[9] *Pleach'd arms*—arms folded in each other. JOHNSON.

[1] *Corrigible* for *corrected*, as afterwards penetrative for penetrating. STEEVENS.

To penetrative shame ; whilst the wheel'd seat  
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that ensued ?<sup>2</sup>

*Eros.* I would not see't.

*Ant.* Come then ; for with a wound I must be cur'd.  
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
Most useful for thy country.

*Eros.* O, sir, pardon me.

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then  
To do this when I bade thee ? Do it at once ;  
Or thy precedent services are all  
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me then that noble countenance,  
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

*Ant.* Lo thee.

[Turning from him.]

*Eros.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once  
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.* My dear master,  
My captain, and my emperor ! let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man ;—and farewell.

*Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now ?

*Ant.* Now, Eros.

*Eros.* Why, there then :—[Falls on his sword.]  
Thus do I escape the sorrow  
Of Antony's death.

[Dies.]

*Ant.* Thrice nobler than myself !  
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what  
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros  
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me  
A nobleness in record : But I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't  
As to a lover's bed. Come then ; and, Eros,  
Thy master dies thy scholar ; to do thus

[Falling on his sword.]

I learn'd of thee. How ! not yet dead ? not dead ?—  
The guard !—ho !—O, despatch me.

*Enter DERCETAS and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noise ?

*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends ; O, make an end  
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

[2] The poor conquered wretch that followed.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

*All.* Alas, and woe!

*Ant.* Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt Guard.*]

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* Where's Antony?

*Der.* There, Diomed, there.

*Dio.* Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit* DERCETAS.]

*Ant.* Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and  
Sufficing strokes for death.

[give me]

*Dio.* Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did she send thee?

*Dio.* Now, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is she?

*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying  
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw [fear  
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect  
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage  
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;  
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed: Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

*Dio.* What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,  
Come, your lord calls.

[what, ho!]

*Enter some of the Guard.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;  
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear  
All your true followers out.

*All.* Most heavy day!

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate  
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:  
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing* ANT.]

## SCENE XIII.

*The same. A Monument. Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence .

*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

As that which makes it.—How now ? is he dead ?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o'the other side your monument,  
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O thou sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !—darkling stand  
The varying shore o'the world !<sup>3</sup>—O Antony !  
Antony, Antony !—Charmian, help ; help, Iras ;  
Help, friends below ; let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace :

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 'tis so !

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only  
I here imp'rtune death a while,<sup>4</sup> until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.—

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,  
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,  
Lest I be taken :<sup>5</sup> not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall

[3] According to the philosophy which prevailed from the age of Aristotle to that of Shakespeare, and long since, the sun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed.—If the sun therefore was to set fire to the sphere, so as to consume it, the consequence must be, that itself for want of support, must drop through, and wander in endless space ; and in this case the earth would be involved in endless night. HEATH.

[4] I solicit death to delay ; or, I trouble death by keeping him in waiting.

JOHNSON.

[5] Mr. Theobald amends this passage by adding to the end of Antony's speech—*Come down.* His insertion seems misplaced, and should be placed at the end of the next line but one. I would therefore read :

I lay upon thy lips.

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,

(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not *come down.*

RITSON.

Be brooch'd with me ;<sup>6</sup> if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,  
And still conclusion,<sup>7</sup> shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—  
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up ;—  
Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here's sport, indeed!<sup>8</sup>—How heavy weighs my lord!  
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,  
That makes the weight : Had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—  
Wishers were ever fools :—O, come, come, come ;

[*They draw ANTONY up.*]

And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast liv'd :  
Quicken with kissing ; had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight !

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying :  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen :  
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O !

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me :  
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust ;  
None about Cæsar.

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end,  
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts,  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o'the world,  
The noblest : and do now not basely die,  
Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to  
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;

[6] Brooch'd in the text, means adorn'd, as it has been properly explained by Mr. Steevens. A brooch is always an ornament ; whether a buckle or pin for the breast, hat, or hair, or whatever other shape it may assume. A broach is a spit: the spires of churches are likewise so called in the northern counties, as Darnton broach. RITSON.

[7] Sedate determination ; silent coolness of resolution. JOHNSON.

[8] I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, *here's trifling, you do not work in earnest.* JOHNSON.



I can no more.

[Dies.

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't die ?  
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a styè ?—O, see, my women,  
The crown o'the earth doth melt :—My lord !—  
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fallen ;<sup>7</sup> young boys, and girls,  
Are level now with men : the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon.

[She faints.

*Char.* O, quietness, lady !

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady,—

*Iras.* Madam,—

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam !

*Iras.* Royal Egypt !

Empress !

*Char.* Peace, peace, *Iras.*

*Cleo.* No more but e'n a woman ;<sup>8</sup> and commanded  
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
And does the meanest chares.<sup>9</sup>—It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;  
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,  
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught ;  
Patience is sottish ; and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad : Then is it sin,  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you, women ?  
What, what ? good cheer ! Why, how now, Charmian !  
My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,  
Our lamp is spent, it's out :—Good sirs, take heart :—

[To the Guards below.

We'll bury him : and then, what's brave, what's noble,  
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come, away :  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend  
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off ANTONY'S body.*

[7] He at whom the soldiers pointed as at a pageant held high for observation.

[8] I have no more of my wonted greatness, but am even a woman on the level with other women ; where I what I once was,

-----It were for me

To throw my sceptre, &c.

JOHNSON.

[9] That is, task work. Hence our term *chare-woman*.

STEEVENS.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;  
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by  
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[Exit DOLABELLA.]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that ? and what art thou, that dar'st  
Appear thus to us ?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas ;  
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and spoke,  
He was my master ; and I wore my life,  
To spend upon his haters : If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make  
A greater crack : The round world should have shook  
Lions into civil streets,<sup>1</sup>

And citizens to their dens :—The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom ; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;  
Not by a public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword ;  
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?  
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,  
That nature must compel us to lament

[1] I think here is a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been this : "The round world should have shook, and this great alteration of the system of things should send lions into streets, and citizens into dens." There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent. JOHNSON.

Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honours  
Waged equal with him.<sup>2</sup>

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men.—Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony !  
I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do lance  
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together  
In the whole world : But yet let me lament,  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,  
Unreconcilable, should divide  
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—  
But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

*Enter a Messenger.*

The business of this man looks out of him,  
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

*Mes.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,  
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction ;  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forced to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart ;  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we  
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Mes.* So the gods preserve thee !

*Exit*

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius ; Go, and say,  
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require ;  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome

[2] Read *weigh* with the second folio, where it is misspelt *way*.

Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,  
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. [Exit PROC.]

*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,  
To second Proculeius? [Exit GALLUS.]

*Agr. Mec.* Dolabella!

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings: Go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE II.

*Alexandria. A Room in the Monument. Enter CLEOPATRA,  
CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will; And it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS,  
and Soldiers.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.* [Within.] What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cleo.* [Within.] Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please

[4] The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide, are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act which bolts up change; it produces a state, which sleeps, and never palates more the dung, the beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level. The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural. JOHNSON

To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, as I  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer ;  
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing :  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
On all that need. Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency ; and you shall find  
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him  
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has got.<sup>5</sup> I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly  
Look him i'the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort ; for, I know, your plight is pitied  
Of him that caus'd it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpris'd ;  
[*Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend the Monument by a ladder placed against a window, and having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come. [*To PRO. and Guard. Ex. GAL.*  
*Iras.* Royal queen !

*Char.* O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen !—  
*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*

*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold : [*Seizes and disarms her.*  
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death too,  
That rids our dogs of languish ?<sup>6</sup>

*Pro.* Cleopatra,  
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by  
The undoing of yourself : let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death ?  
Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars.

*Pro.* O, temperance, lady !

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat ; I'll not drink, sir :

[5] I allow him to be my conqueror ; I own his superiority with complete submission. JOHNSON. [6] For *languish*, I think we may read *anguish*. JOHNSON

If idle talk will once be necessary,  
 I'll not sleep neither : This mortal house I'll ruin,  
 Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;  
 Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye  
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
 And show me to the shouting varletry  
 Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
 Be gentle grave to me ! rather on Nilus' mud  
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
 Blow me into abhorring ! rather make  
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,  
 And hang me up in chains !

*Pro.* You do extend  
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
 Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Proculeius,  
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
 And he has sent for thee : as for the queen,  
 I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
 It shall content me best : be gentle to her.—  
 To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please, [*To CLEO.*  
 If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die. [*Exe. PROCUL. and Soldiers.*

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me ?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly, you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.  
 You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams ;  
 is't not your trick ?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony ;—  
 O, such another sleep, that I might see  
 But such another man !

*Dol.* If it might please you,—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens ; and therein stuck  
 A sun, and moon ; which kept their course, and lighted  
 The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,—

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean ; his rear'd arm  
 Crested the world : his voice was propertyed  
 As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;

But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
 He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
 'There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,  
 That grew the more by reaping: His delights  
 Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above  
 The element they liv'd in: In his livery  
 Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were  
 As plates dropp'd from his pocket.<sup>9</sup>

*Dol.* Cleopatra,——

*Cleo.* Think you, there was, or might be, such a man  
 As this I dream'd of?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.  
 But, if there be, or ever were one such,  
 It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff  
 To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine  
 An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
 Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam:

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
 As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never  
 O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,  
 By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots  
 My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cleo.* He'll lead me then in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will;

I know it.

*Within.* Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, &c.*

*Cæs.* Which is the queen

Of Egypt?

*Dol.* 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[CLEO. kneels.

*Cæs.* Arise,

You shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

[9] *Plates* mean, I believe, silver money.

*Cæs.* Take you no hard thoughts :  
 'The record of what injuries you did us,  
 Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
 As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o'the world,  
 I cannot project mine own cause so well  
 'To make it clear ; but do confess, I have  
 Been laden with like frailties, which before  
 Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,  
 We will extenuate rather than enforce :  
 If you apply yourself to our intents,  
 (Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find  
 A benefit in this change : but if you seek  
 'To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
 Of my good purposes, and put your children  
 'To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
 If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cleo.* And may, through all the world : 'tis yours ; and we  
 Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall  
 Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,  
 I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued ;  
 Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus ?

*Sel.* Here, madam.

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer ; let him speak, my lord,  
 Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
 To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Madam,  
 I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,  
 Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back ?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve  
 Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar ! O, behold,  
 How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours ;  
 And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
 'The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
 Even make me wild :—O slave, of no more trust  
 'Than love that's hir'd !—What, goest thou back ? thou shalt  
 Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes,



Though they had wings : Slave, soul-less villain, dog !  
O rarely base !<sup>1</sup>

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this ;  
'That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
'To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,  
'That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,  
Some nobler token I have kept apart  
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce  
'Their mediation ; must I be unfolded  
With one that I have bred ? The gods ! It smites me  
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence ; [To SEL.  
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through the ashes of my chance :—Wert thou a man,  
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus. [Exit SELEUCUS.

*Cleo.* Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought  
For things that others do ; and, when we fall,  
We answer others merits in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.<sup>2</sup>

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,  
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,  
Put we i'the roll of conquest : still be it yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;  
Make not your thoughts your prisons,<sup>3</sup> no, dear queen ;  
For we intend so to dispose you, as  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :  
Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend ; And so adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord !

*Cæs.* Not so : Adieu. [Exe. CÆSAR, and his Train.

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not

[1] Base in an uncommon degree. STEEVENS:

[2] " We suffer at our highest state of elevation in the thoughts of mankind for that which others do, and when we fall, those that contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to answer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied." *Merits* is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions meriting censure. JOHNSON.

[3] Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free. JOHNSON.

Be noble to myself : But hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.]

*Iras.* Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.* Hie thee again :

I have spoke already, and it is provided ;

Go, put it to the haste.

*Char.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter* DOLABELLA.

*Dol.* Where is the queen ?

*Char.* Behold, sir.

[*Exit* CHARMIAN.]

*Cleo.* Dolabella ?

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,  
Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria  
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,  
You with your children will he send before :  
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd  
Your pleasure, and my promise.

*Cleo.* Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit* DOL.]—Now, *Iras*,  
what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown  
In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid !

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras* : Saucy lictors  
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhymers<sup>4</sup>  
Ballad us out o'tune : the quick comedians  
Extemporally will stage us, and present  
Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness<sup>5</sup>  
I'the posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O the good gods !

*Cleo.* Nay, that is certain.

[4] *Scald*—a word of contempt implying poverty, disease, and filth. JOHNSON.

[5] The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys. HANMER.

*Iras.* I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails  
Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that is the way  
To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian ?—

*Enter CHARMIAN.*

Show me, my women, like a queen ;—Go fetch  
My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony :—Sirrah, Iras, go.—  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed :  
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave  
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.  
Wherefore's this noise ? *[Exit IRAS. A noise within,*

*Enter one of the Guard.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow,  
That will not be denied your highness' presence ;  
He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. How poor an instrument  
*[Exit Guard.*

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. *[Exit Guard.*

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,<sup>6</sup>  
That kills and pains not ?

*Clown.* Truly I have him : But I would not be the party  
that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is im-  
mortal ; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that have died on't ?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of  
one of them no longer than yesterday ; a very honest wo-  
man, but something given to lie ; as a woman should not  
do, but in the way of honesty : How she died of the bi-  
ting of it, what pain she felt,—truly, she makes a very  
good report o'the worm ; but he that will believe all  
that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do :  
But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

[6] *Worm* is the Teutonick word for *serpent* ; we have the blind-worm and slow-worm still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the northern ocean, the sea-worm. JOHNSON.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence ; farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*Cleo.* Farewell. [*Clown sets down the Basket.*]

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay ; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good : give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eat me ?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women ; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have Immortal longings in me : Now no more

The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—

Yare, yare, good Iris ; quick.—Methinks, I hear

Antony call ; I see him rouse himself

To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock

The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men

To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :

Now to that name my courage prove my title !

I am fire, and air ; my other elements

I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.

Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them.* IRAS falls and dies.]

Have I the aspick in my lips ? Dost fall ?

If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world

It is not worth leave-taking.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say,  
The gods themselves do weep !

*Cleo.* This proves me base :  
 If she first meet the curled Antony,  
 He'll make demand of her ; and spend that kiss,  
 Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal wretch,  
     *[To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*  
 With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
 Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,  
 Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak !  
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass  
 Unpolicied !

*Char.* O eastern star !

*Cleo.* Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
 That sucks the nurse asleep ?

*Char.* O, break ! O, break !

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—  
 O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too :—

*[Applying another asp to her arm.*

What should I stay— *[Falls on a bed, and dies.*

*Char.* In this wild world ?—So, fare thee well.—

Now boast thee, death ! in thy possession lies  
 A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close ;<sup>7</sup>  
 And golden Phœbus never be beheld  
 Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown's awry ;  
 I'll amend it, and then play.

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen ?

*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Char.* Too slow a messenger. *[Applies the asp.*

—O, come ; apace, despatch : I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho ! All's not well : Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar ;—call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here ?—Charmian, is this well

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess *[done ?*

Descended of so many royal kings..

Ah, soldier !

*[Dies..*

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* How goes it here ?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this : Thyself art coming

[7] Charmian, in saying this, must be conceived to close Cleopatra's eyes: one of the first ceremonies performed towards a dead body. RITSON.

To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.

*Within.* A way there, way for Cæsar !

*Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.*

*Dol.* O, sir, you are too sure an augurer ;  
That you did fear, is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last :

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths ?  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them ?

*1 Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs ;  
This was his basket.

*Cæs.* Poison'd then.

*1 Guard.* O Cæsar,

This Charmian lived but now ; she stood, and spake :  
I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,  
And on the sudden dropp'd.

*Cæs.* O noble weakness !—

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown :  
The like is on her arm.

*1 Guard.* This is an aspick's train ; and these fig-leaves  
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cæs.* Most probable,

That so she died ; for her physician tells me,  
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;  
And bear her women from the monument :—  
She shall be buried by her Antony :  
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them : and their story is  
No less in pity, than his glory, which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
In solemn show, attend this funeral ;  
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt.*]

**TIMON OF ATHENS.**

TIMON OF ATHENS.] The story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakespeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleasure*, and the *English Plutarch*. Indeed from a passage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage. FARMER.

The passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, or *Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this:

“Come, I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*.”

But the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a MS. play on this subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who, (like Kent in *King Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act, is followed by his fickle mistress, &c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The *personæ dramatis* are as follows:

“The actors names.

- “Timon.
- “Laches, his faithful servant.
- “Eutrapelus, a dissolute young man.
- “Gelasimus, a cittie heyre.
- “Pseudocheus, a lying traveller.
- “Demeas, an orator.
- “Philargurus, a covetous churlish ould man.
- “Hermogenes, a fidler.
- “Abyssus, a usurer.
- “Lollo, a countrey clowne, Philargurus sonne.
- “Stilpo,
- “Speusippus, } two lying philosophers.
- “Grunnio, a lean servant of Philargurus.
- “Obba, Tymon's butler.
- “Pædio, Gelasimus page.
- “Two serjeants.
- “A sailor.
- “Callimela, Philargurus daughter.
- “Blatte, her prattling nurse.
- “Scene, Athens.”



Shakespeare undoubtedly formed this play on the passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony* relative to Timon, and not on the twenty-eighth novel of the first volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; because he is there merely described as "a man-hater, of a strange and beastly nature," without any cause assigned; whereas Plutarch furnished our author with the following hint to work upon: "Antonius forsook the citie, and companie of his friendes,—saying, that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was offered unto Timon; and for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friendes, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man."

To the manuscript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our author, I have no doubt, was also indebted for some other circumstances. Here he found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods: a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject.

Spon says, there is a building near Athens, yet remaining, called *Timon's Tower*.

*Timon of Athens* was written, I imagine, in the year 1610. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,  
LUCULLUS,  
SEMPRONIUS, } lords, and flatterers of Timon.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian general.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS,  
LUCILIUS,  
SERVILIUS, } Timon's servants.

CAPHIS,  
PHILOTUS,  
TITUS,  
LUCIUS,  
HORTENSIUS, } servants to Timon's creditors.

Two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of ISIDORE; two  
of Timon's creditors.

CUPID, and Maskers. Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA,\* } mistresses to Alcibiades.  
TIMANDRA, }

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and  
Attendants..

SCENE, Athens; and the woods adjoining.

\* *Phrynia*, (or as this name should have been written by Shakespeare, *Phryne*.) was an Athenian courtesan so exquisitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a sight of her bosom (which, as we learn from Quintilian, had been artfully denuded by her advocate,) disarmed the court of its severity, and secured her life from the sentence of the law.



TIMON OF ATHENS.



TIMON, LORDS & SERVANTS.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Painted by H. Howard

Tanner, Vallance, Kearny & Co. sc.

# TIMON OF ATHENS.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S House. Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.*

*Poet.*

GOOD day, sir.

*Pain.* I am glad you are well.

*Poet.* I have not seen you long ; How goes the world ?

*Pain.* It wears, sir, as it grows.

*Poet.* Ay, that's well known :

But what particular rarity ? what strange,  
Which manifold record not matches ? See,  
Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power  
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

*Pain.* I know them both ; t'other's a jeweller.

*Mer.* O, 'tis a worthy lord !

*Jew.* Nay, that's most fix'd.

*Mer.* A most incomparable man ; breath'd, as it were,<sup>1</sup>  
To an untirable and continue goodness :  
He passes.<sup>2</sup>

*Jew.* I have a jewel here.

*Mer.* O pray, let's see't : For the lord Timon, sir ?

*Jew.* If he will touch the estimate :<sup>3</sup> But, for that—

*Poet.* *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,  
It stains the glory in that happy verse  
Which aptly sings the good.*<sup>4</sup>

*Mer.* 'Tis a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*]

*Jew.* And rich : here is a water, look you.

*Pain.* You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication  
To the great lord.

*Poet.* A thing slipp'd idly from me.  
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

[1] *Breathed*, is inured by constant practice ; so trained as not to be wearied. To breathe a horse is to exercise him for the course. JOHNSON.

[2] *Exceeds*, goes beyond common bounds. STEEVENS.

[3] Come up to the price. JOHNSON.

[4] We must here suppose the poet busy in reading his own work ; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the Painter an account of. WARBURTON.

From whence 'tis nourished : The fire i'the flint  
Shows not, till it be struck ; our gentle flame  
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies  
Each bound it chafes.<sup>5</sup> What have you there ?

*Pain.* A picture, sir.—And when comes your book  
forth ?

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.<sup>6</sup>  
Let's see your piece.

*Pain.* 'Tis a good piece.

*Poet.* So 'tis : this comes off well and excellent.<sup>7</sup>

*Pain.* Indifferent.

*Poet.* Admirable : How this grace  
Speaks his own standing !<sup>8</sup> what a mental power  
'This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination  
Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch ; Is't good ?

*Poet.* I'll say of it,  
It tutors nature : artificial strife<sup>9</sup>  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators, and pass over.*

*Pain.* How this lord's follow'd !

*Poet.* The senators of Athens ;—Happy men !

*Pain.* Look, more !

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of  
itors.<sup>1</sup>

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug

[5] It should be pointed thus, and then the sense will be evident :

—our gentle flame  
Provokes itself, and like the current flies ;  
Each bound it chafes.

Our gentle flame animates itself ; it flies like a current ; and every obstacle serves but to increase its force. M. MASON.-----This jumble of incongruous images seems to have been designed, and put into the mouth of the poetaster, that the reader might appreciate his talents : his language therefore should not be considered in the abstract. HENLEY.

[6] As soon as my book has been presented to lord Timon. JOHNSON.

[7] The figure rises well from the canvas. 'C'est bien releve.' JOHNSON.

[8] I am inclined to suppose, that the figure alluded to, was a representation of one of the Graces, and, as they are always supposed to be females, should read the passage thus :----How this Grace

Speaks its own standing !

This amendment is strongly supported by the pronoun *this* prefixed to the word Grace, as it proves that what the Poet pointed out was some real object, not merely an abstract idea. M. MASON.

[9] *Strife* is the contest of art with nature :

"Hic ille est Raphael, timuit, quo sospite vinci  
Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori."

JOHNSON.

[1] "Mane salutantum totis vomit ætibus undam."

JOHNSON.

With amplest entertainment : My free drift  
Halts not particularly,<sup>2</sup> but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax :<sup>3</sup> no levell'd malice<sup>4</sup>  
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;  
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

*Pain.* How shall I understand you ?

*Poet.* I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,  
(As well of glib and slippery creatures,<sup>5</sup> as  
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down  
Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance  
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer,<sup>6</sup>  
To Apemantus,<sup>7</sup> that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself ; even he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together.

*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd : The base o'the mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts,<sup>8</sup> all kind of natures,  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states :<sup>9</sup> amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,  
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.<sup>1</sup>

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd

[2] My design does not stop at any single character. JOHNSON.

[3] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile. HANMER.

[4] To *level* is to aim, to point the shot at a mark. Shakespeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or levelled at any single person ; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage. JOHNSON.

[5] *Slippery*, smooth, unresisting. JOHNSON.

[6] The *glass-fac'd flatterer*, that shows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.

[7] The Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests. RITSON.

[8] Covered with ranks of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

[9] To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON.

[1] Properly imagined, appositely, to the purpose. JOHNSON.

In our condition.<sup>2</sup>

*Poet.* Nay, sir, but hear me on :

All those which were his fellows but of late,  
(Some better than his value,) on the moment  
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with 'tendance,  
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,<sup>3</sup>  
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him  
Drink the free air.<sup>4</sup>

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these ?

*Poet.* When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,  
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,  
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,  
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'Tis common :

A thousand moral paintings I can show,<sup>5</sup>  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune  
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,  
'To show lord Timon, that mean eyes<sup>6</sup> have seen  
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON attended; the Servant  
VENTIDIUS talking with him.*

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you ?

*Ven. Serv.* Ay, my good lord : five talents is his debt ;  
His means most short, his creditors most strait :  
Your honourable letter he desires  
'To those have shut him up ; which failing to him,  
Periods his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius ! Well ;

[2] *Condition* for art.      WARBURTON.

[3] The sense is obvious, and means, in general, flattering him. The particular kind of flattery may be collected from the circumstance of its being offered up in whispers : which shows it was the calumniating those whom Timon hated or envied, or whose vices were opposite to his own. This offering up, to the person flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakespeare, with the utmost beauty of thought and expression, calls *sacrificial whisperings*, alluding to the victims offered up to idols.  
WARBURTON.

By *sacrificial whisperings*, I should simply understand whisperings of officious servility, the *incense* of the worshipping parasite to the patron as to a god. Mr. Gray has excellently expressed in his *Elegy* these sacrificial offerings to the great from the poetic tribe :

“ To heap the shrine of luxury and pride

With incense kindled at the muse's flame.”

WAKEFIELD.

[4] “ To drink the air,” like the *haustus aetherios* of Virgil, is merely a poetical phrase for *draw the air*, or *breathe*. To “ drink the free air,” therefore, “ through another,” is to breathe freely at his will only ; so as to depend on him for the privilege of life : not even to breathe freely without his permission. WAKEFIELD.

[5] Shakespeare seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himself to have shown, the painter thinks he could have shown better. JOHNSON.

[6] Inferior spectators.      TOLLET.



I am not of that feather, to shake off  
My friend when he must need me. I do know him  
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,  
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt, and free him.

*Ven. Serv.* Your lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him : I will send his ransome ;  
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me :—  
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after.<sup>6</sup>—Fare you well.

*Ven. Serv.* All happiness to your honour !

[*Exit.*

*Enter an old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

*Tim.* I have so : What of him ?

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here, or no ?—Lucilius !

*Enter LUCILIUS.*

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man  
'That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift ;  
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,  
Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well ; what further ?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin else,  
On whom I may confer what I have got :  
The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,  
In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
Attempts her love : I pr'ythee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort ;  
Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon :<sup>7</sup>  
His honesty rewards him in itself,  
It must not bear my daughter.

[6] This thought is better expressed by Dr. Madden in his elegy on archbishop Boulter :

" More than they ask'd, he gave ; and deem'd it mean  
Only to help the poor—to beg again." JOHNSON.

[7] The thought is closely expressed and obscure : but this seems the meaning.  
" If the man be honest, my lord, for that reason he will be so in this ; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter, without my consent." WARB.

*Tim.* Does she love him ?

*Old Ath.* She is young, and apt :

Our own precedent passions do instruct us  
What levity's in youth.

*Tim.* [*To Luc.*] Love you the maid ?

*Luc.* Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be missing,  
I call the gods to witness, I will choose  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd,  
If she be mated with an equal husband ?

*Old Ath.* Three talents, on the present ; in future, all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long ;  
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,  
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :  
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,  
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

*Tim.* My hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship : Never may  
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not ow'd to you !<sup>8</sup> [*Exe. Luc. and Old Ath.*]

*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship !

*Tim.* I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon :  
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend ?

*Pain.* A piece of painting, which I do beseech  
Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.  
The painting is almost the natural man ;  
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,  
He is but out-side : These pencil'd figures are  
Even such as they give out.<sup>9</sup> I like your work ;  
And you shall find, I like it : wait attendance  
Till you hear further from me.

*Pain.* The gods preserve you !

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentlemen : Give me your hand ;  
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

*Jew.* What, my lord ? dispraise ?

*Tim.* A mere satiety of commendations.

[8] Let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as owed or due to you ; held for your service, and at your disposal. JOHNSON.

[9] Pictures have no hypocrisy ; they are what they profess to be. JOHNSON.

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,  
It would unclaw me quite.<sup>1</sup>

*Jew.* My lord, 'tis rated  
As those, which sell, would give : But you well know,  
Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters :<sup>2</sup> believe't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd.

*Mer.* No, my good lord ; he speaks the common tongue,  
Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look, who comes here. Will you be chid ?

*Enter APEMANTUS.*<sup>3</sup>

*Jew.* We will bear, with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus !

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow ;  
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.<sup>4</sup>

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves ? thou know'st  
them not.

*Apem.* Are they not Athenians ?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou knowest, I do : I call'd thee by thy name.

*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

*Tim.* Whither art going ?

*Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

*Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.

*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* The best, for the innocence.

*Tim.* Wrought he not well, that painted it ?

*Apem.* He wrought better, that made the painter ; and  
yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

*Pain.* You are a dog.

*Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation : What's she, if  
I be a dog ?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus ?

[1] To *unclaw* is to unwind a ball of thread. To unclaw a man is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes. JOHNSON.

[2] Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held. JOHNS.

[3] See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his Auction of the Philosophers ; and how well Shakespeare has copied it. WARBURTON.

[4] Apemantus means to say, that Timon is not to receive a gentle good-morrow from him till that shall happen which never will happen ; till Timon is transformed to the shape of his dog, and his knavish followers become honest men. MALONE.

*Apem.* No ; I eat not lords.

*Tim.* An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

*Apem.* O, they eat lords ; so they come by great bellies.

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*Apem.* So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Not so well as plain-dealing,<sup>5</sup> which will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth ?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet ?

*Poet.* How now, philosopher ?

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art not one ?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet ?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then thou liest : look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.* That's not feign'd, he is so.

*Apem.* Yes, he's worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour : He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord !

*Tim.* What wouldst do then, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

*Tim.* What, thyself ?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore ?

*Apem.* That I had no angry wit to be a lord.<sup>6</sup>—Art thou not a merchant ?

*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not !

*Mer.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee !

*Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.*

*Tim.* What trumpet's that ?

*Serv.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and

Some twenty horse, all of companionship.<sup>7</sup>

[5] Alluding to the proverb : " Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars." STEEVENS.

[6] The meaning may be, I should hate myself for patiently enduring to be a lord. JOHNSON.

[7] This expression does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that they are all such as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and sets on a level with himself. STEEVENS.

*Tim.* Pray, entertain them ; give them guide to us.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

—You must needs dine with me :—Go not you hence,  
Till I have thank'd you ; and, when dinner's done,  
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

*Enter* ALCIBIADES, *with his Company.*

Most welcome, sir !

[*They salute.*]

*Apem.* So, so ; there !—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints !—  
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,  
And all this court'sy ! The strain of man's bred out  
Into baboon and monkey.<sup>8</sup>

*Alcib.* Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed  
Most hungrily on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, sir :  
Ere we depart, <sup>9</sup> we'll share a bounteous time  
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but* AP<sup>EM</sup>.]

*Enter two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

*Apem.* The most accursed thou,<sup>1</sup> that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast ?

*Apem.* Ay ; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Apem.* Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean  
to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding ; make thy  
requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*]

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,  
And taste lord Timon's bounty ? he outgoes  
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out ; Plutus, the god of gold,

[8] Man is exhausted and degenerated ; his strain of lineage is worn down into a monkey.

[9] *Depart*, and *part*, mean the same thing. So in King John :

“ Hath willingly departed with a part.”

i. e. hath willingly parted with a part of the thing in question. STEEVENS.

[1] Read : The more accursed thou, &c. RITSON.

Is but his steward : no meed,<sup>2</sup> but he repays  
Seven fold above itself ; no gift to him,  
But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
All use of quittance.<sup>3</sup>

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,  
That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes ! Shall we in ?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room of State in TIMON'S House. Hautboys playing loud music. A great Banquet served in ; FLAVIUS and others attending ; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods  
remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.  
He is gone happy, and has left me rich :  
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound  
To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help  
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,  
Honest Ventidius : You mistake my love ;  
I gave it freely ever ; and there's none  
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives :  
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them ; Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony  
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss  
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than my fortunes to me. [They sit.]

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it ? hang'd it, have you not ?

Tim. O, Apemantus !—you are welcome.

[2] Meed in this place means *desert*. STEEVENS.

[3] All the customary returns made in discharge of obligations. WARBURTON.

*Apem.* No,  
You shall not make we welcome :  
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. <sup>2</sup>

*Tim.* Fye, thou art a churl ; you have got a humour there  
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame :—  
They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,  
But yond' man's ever angry.  
Go, let him have a table by himself ;  
For he does neither affect company,  
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

*Apem.* Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon ;  
I come to observe ; I give thee warning on't.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee : thou art an Athenian ;  
therefore welcome : I myself would have no power :  
pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent. <sup>4</sup>

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat ; 'twould choak me, for I should  
Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods ! what a number  
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not !  
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat  
In one man's blood ;<sup>5</sup> and all the madness is,  
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men :  
Methinks, they should invite them without knives ;<sup>6</sup>  
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.  
There's much example for't ; the fellow, that  
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges  
The breath of him in a divided draught,  
Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been prov'd.  
If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals ;  
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes :  
Great men should drink with harness on their throats. <sup>7</sup>

*Tim.* My lord, in heart ;<sup>8</sup> and let the health go round.

1 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way !

A brave fellow !—he keeps his tides well. Timon,  
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.

[4] I claim no extraordinary power in right of my being master of the house: I wish not by my commands to impose silence on any one: but tho' I myself do not enjoin you to silence, let my meat stop your mouth. MALONE.

[5] The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to the pursuit by being gratified with the blood of the animal which they kill, and the wonder is, that the animal on which they are feeding cheers them to the chase. JOHNSON.

[6] It was the custom in our author's time for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones may be seen in Parkinson's museum. They were strangers at that period to the use of forks. RITSON.

[7] That is, armour. STEEV. — [8] My lord's health, with sincerity. JOHN.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,  
 Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire :  
 This, and my food, are equals ; there's no odds.  
 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;  
 I pray for no man, but myself :  
 Grant I may never prove so fond,  
 To trust man on his oath or bond ;  
 Or a harlot, for her weeping ;  
 Or a dog, that seems a sleeping ;  
 Or a keeper with my freedom ;  
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em.  
 Amen. So fall to't :*

*Rich men sin,<sup>9</sup> and I eat root.* [Eats and drinks.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

*Tim.* Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

*Alcib.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

*Alcib.* So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them ; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

*Apem.* 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then ; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

*1 Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.<sup>1</sup>

*Tim.* O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you : How had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart ?<sup>2</sup> I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you.<sup>3</sup> O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should

[9] Dr. Farmer proposes to read *sing.* REED.

[1] That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness. JOHNSON.

[2] *Charitable* signifies dear, endearing. So Milton:

“ Relations dear, and all the *charities*

Of father, son, and brother” —

Alms, in English, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our ancestors knew well in what the virtue of alms-giving consisted ; not in the act, but in the disposition. WARBURTON. — The meaning is probably this: Why are you distinguished from thousands, by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connexion and intercourse of tenderness between you and me ? [3] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind. JOHNSON.



never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!<sup>4</sup> Mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

*Apem.* Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon

*2 Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.<sup>5</sup>

*Apem.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

*3 Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

*Apem.* Much! [Tucket sounded,

*Tim.* What means that trump?—How now?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies? what are their wills?

*Serv.* There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

*Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter CUPID.*

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy TIMON;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

*Tim.* They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome. [Exit CUPID.

*1 Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

[4] Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, "O joy, e'en made away, destroyed, turned to tears, before it can be born, before it can be fully possessed." JOHNSON.

[5] The covert sense of Apemantus is, "what thou lovest, they get." JOHNS.

[6] Does not he dwell on Timon's metaphor, by referring to circumstances preceding the birth, and means joy was conceived in their eyes, and sprung up there like the motion of a babe in the womb? TOLLET.

*Music.* Re-enter CUPID, with a Masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

*Apem.* Hey-day,

What a sweep of vanity comes this way!

'They dance! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.<sup>7</sup>

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears

Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?<sup>8</sup>

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,

Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women; a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind;

You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,

And entertain'd me with mine own device;<sup>9</sup>

I am to thank you for it.

*1 Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

*Apem.* 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet

Attends you. Please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Lad.* Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exe. CUPID and Ladies.*]

*Tim.* Flavius,—

*Flav.* My lord.

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour;

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should, [Aside.

[7] "The glory of this life is very near to madness," as may be made to appear from this pomp, exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on "oil and roots." When we see by example how few are the necessaries of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity. JOHNSON.

[8] That is, given them by their friends. JOHNSON.

[9] The mask appears to have been designed by Timon to surprise his guests. JOHN.

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.<sup>1</sup>  
 'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind ;<sup>2</sup>  
 That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.<sup>3</sup>

*[Exit, and returns with the casket.]*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men ?

*Serv.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses.

*Tim.* O my friends, I have one word  
 To say to you :—Look you, my good lord, I must  
 Entreat you, honour me so much, as to  
 Advance this jewel ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

*All.* So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate  
 Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Flav.* I beseech your honour,  
 Vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you near.

*Tim.* Near ? why then another time I'll hear thee :  
 I pr'ythee, let us be provided  
 To show them entertainment.

*Flav.* *[Aside.]* I scarce know how.

*Enter another Servant.*

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, the lord Lucius,  
 Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
 Four milk white horses, trapp'd in silver.

*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly : let the presents

*Enter a third Servant.*

Be worthily entertain'd ?—How now, what news ?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentle-  
 man, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to  
 hunt with him ; and has sent your honour two brace of  
 greyhounds.

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him ; And let them be receiv'd,  
 Not without fair reward.

*Flav.* *[Aside.]* What will this come to ?

He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,

[1] Alluding to our old silver penny, used before K. Edward the First's time, which had a cross on the reverse with a crease, that it might be more easily broken into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expression derived, "I have not a cross about me;" i. e. not a piece of money. THEOBALD.

[2] To see the miseries that are following her.

JOHNSON.

[3] For nobleness of soul.

JOHNSON.

[4] To prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it.

JOHNSON

And all out of an empty coffer.—

Nor will he know his purse ; or yield me this,  
To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
Being of no power to make his wishes good ;  
His promises fly so beyond his state,  
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes  
For every word ; He is so kind, that he now  
Pays interest for't : his land's put to their books.  
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,  
Before I were forc'd out !

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,  
Than such as do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Tim.* You do yourselves

Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits :—  
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

*2 Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

*3 Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty !

*Timon.* And now I remember me, my lord, you gave  
Good words the other day of a bay courser  
I rode on : it is yours, because you lik'd it.

*2 Lord.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord ; I know, no man  
Can justly praise, but what he does affect :  
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ;  
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

*All Lords.* None so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all and your several visitations  
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;  
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary:—Alcibiades,  
'Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,  
It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast  
Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alcib.* Ay, defiled land, my lord.<sup>5</sup>

*1 Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,——

*Tim.* And so

Am I to you.

*2 Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,——

*Tim.* All to you.<sup>6</sup>—Lights, more lights.

[5] Alcibiades is told that " his estate lies in a pitch'd field." Now " pitch (as Falstaff says) doth defile." Alcibiades therefore replies, that his estate lies " in defiled land." JOHNSON.

[6] All good wishes, or all happiness to you: STEEVENS.

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,  
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

*Tim.* Ready for his friends. [*Exe. ALCIB. Lords, &c.*]

*Apem.* What a coil's here!

Serving of becks,<sup>7</sup> and jutting out of bums!

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums  
That are given for 'em.<sup>8</sup> Friendship's full of dregs:  
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.  
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,  
I'd be good to thee.

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing: for,

If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left  
To rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster.  
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou  
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:<sup>9</sup>

What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

*Tim.* Nay,

An you begin to rail on society once,  
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.  
Farewell; and come with better music.

[*Exit.*]

*Apem.* So;—

Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock  
Thy heaven from thee.<sup>1</sup> O, that men's ears should be  
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in a Senator's House. Enter a Senator, with Papers in his hand.*

*Sen.* AND late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore  
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,  
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion  
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,  
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:  
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more  
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,

[7] *Beck* means a salutation with the head. So Milton,

"Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles."

JOHNSON.

To serve a beck—means, to pay a courtly obedience to a nod.

STEEVENS.

[8] He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a limb, and a bow or act of obedience.

JOHNSON.

[9] Be ruined by securities entered into.

WARBURTON.

[1] By *his heaven* he means good advice.

M. MASON.

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,  
 And able horses : No porter at his gate ;  
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites  
 All that pass by. It cannot hold ; no reason  
 Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho !  
 Caphis, I say !

*Enter CAPHIS.*

*Caph.* Here, sir ; What is your pleasure ?

*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon ;  
 Impórtune him for my monies ; be not ceas'd  
 With slight denial ; nor then silenc'd, when—  
*Commend me to your master*—and the cap  
 Plays in the right hand, thus :—but tell him, sirrah,  
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
 Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,  
 And my reliances on his fracted dates  
 Has smit my credit : I love, and honour him ;  
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger :  
 Immediate are my needs ; and my relief  
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,  
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone :  
 Put on a most importunate aspéct,  
 A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,  
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,  
 Which flashes now a phœnix.<sup>2</sup> Get you gone.

*Caph.* I go, sir.

*Sen.* I go, sir ?—Take the bonds along with you,  
 And have the dates in compt.

*Caph.* I will, sir.

*Sen.* Go,

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Hall in TIMON'S House. Enter FLAVIUS,  
 with many bills in his hand.*

*Flav.* No care, no stop ! so senseless of expence,  
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
 Nor cease his flow of riot : Takes no account  
 How things go from him ; nor resumes no care  
 Of what is to continue ; Never mind  
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.<sup>3</sup>

[2] A gull is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phoenix is supposed to be for the richness of its plumage. STEEVENS.

[3] To make this line sense and grammar, it should be supplied thus :

Was [made] to be so unwise, [in order] to be so kind ;  
 i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuse mind, never before endowed any man with  
 so large a share of folly. WARBURTON.

What shall be done ? He will not hear, till feel :  
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.  
Fye, fye, fye, fye !

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.*

*Caph.* Good even, Varro :<sup>4</sup> What,  
You come for money ?

*Var. Serv.* Is't not your business too ?

*Caph.* It is ;—And yours too, Isidore ?

*Isid. Serv.* It is so.

*Caph.* 'Would we were all discharg'd !

*Var. Serv.* I fear it.

*Caph.* Here comes the lord.

*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.*

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,  
My Alcibiades.—With me ? what's your will ?

*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

*Tim.* Dues ? Whence are you ?

*Caph.* Of Athens here, my lord.

*Tim.* Go to my steward.

*Caph.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off  
To the succession of new days this month :  
My master is awak'd by great occasion,  
To call upon his own ; and humbly prays you,  
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,<sup>5</sup>  
In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend,

I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

*Caph.* Nay, good my lord,—

*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.

*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore ;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

*Caph.* If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

*Var. Serv.* 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,  
And past,—

*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my lord ;  
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath :—

[4] *Good even*, or as it is sometimes less accurately written, *good den*, was the usual salutation from *noon*, the moment that *good morrow* became improper. STEEV.

Whether servants in our author's time took the names of their master, I know not. Perhaps it is a slip of negligence. JOHNSON.

[5] That you will behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities. — STEEVENS.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

[*Exe. ALCIBIADES and Lords.*

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you.

[*To FLAVIUS.*

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd  
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,  
And the detention of long-since-due debts,  
Against my honour ?

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is unagreeable to this business :  
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner ;  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends :  
See them well entertain'd.

[*Exit TIMON.*

*Flav.* I pray, draw near.

[*Exit FLAVIUS.*

*Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.*<sup>6</sup>

*Caph.* Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus ;  
let's have some sport with 'em.

*Var. Serv.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

*Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog !

*Var. Serv.* How dost, fool ?

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

*Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee.

*Apem.* No ; 'tis to thyself,—Come away. [*To the Fool.*

*Isid. Serv.* [*To Var. Serv.*] 'There's the fool hangs on  
your back already.

*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

*Caph.* Where's the fool now ?

*Apem.* He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and  
usurers' men ! bawds between gold and want !

*All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Asses.

*All Serv.* Why ?

*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not know  
yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen ?

*All Serv.* Gramercies, good fool : How does your mistress ?

*Fool.* She's e'en setting on water to scald such chick-  
ens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.<sup>7</sup>

[6] I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity. JOHNSON.

[7] A cant term for a bawdy-house

WARBURTON.



*Apem.* Good! gramericy.

*Enter Page.*

*Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

*Page.* [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

*Apem.* 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

*Page.* Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

*Apem.* Canst not read?

*Page.* No.

*Apem.* There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

*Page.* Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit.]

*Apem.* Even so thou out-runn'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

*Fool.* Will you leave me there?

*Apem.* If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

*All Serv.* Ay; 'would they served us!

*Apem.* So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

*Fool.* Are you three usurers' men?

*All Serv.* Ay, fool.

*Fool.* I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

*Var. Serv.* I could render one.

*Apem.* Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteem'd.

*Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, fool?

*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and, generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

*Apem.* That answer might have become Apemantus.

*All Serv.* Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Apem.* Come, with me, fool, come.

*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exe. APEMANTUS and Fool.*

*Flav.* 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exe. Serv.*

*Tim.* You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expence, As I had leave of means?

*Flav.* You would not hear me, At many leisures I propos'd.

*Tim.* Go to: Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister,<sup>5</sup> Thus to excuse yourself.

*Flav.* O my good lord! At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off, And say, you found them in mine honesty. When, for some trifling present, you have bid me Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept; Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you To hold your hand more close: I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate, And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord, Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,<sup>6</sup> The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Flav.* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone; And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues: the future comes apace: What shall defend the interim? and at length

[5] And made that unaptness your minister. MALONE.

[6] Though I tell you this, says Flavius, at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of any service to you, yet, late as it is, it is necessary that you should be acquainted with it. RITSON.

How goes our reckoning ?

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* O my good lord, the world is but a word ;  
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone ?

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,  
Call me before the exactest auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,  
When all our offices have been oppress'd  
With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept  
With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room  
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy ;  
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,<sup>1</sup>  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Pr'ythee, no more.

*Flav.* Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord !  
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,  
This night englutted ! Who is not Timon's ?  
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's ?  
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon ?  
Ah ! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :  
Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couch'd.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further :  
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart ;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.<sup>2</sup>  
Why dost thou weep ? Canst thou the conscience lack,  
To think I shall lack friends ? Secure thy heart ;  
If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,<sup>3</sup>  
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,  
As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts !

*Tim.* And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,  
That I account them blessings ; for by these

[9] *Offices*—the apartments allotted to culinary purposes, &c. STEEVENS.

[1] *Cock*—a cockloft, a garret. And a *wasteful cock*, signifies a garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use. HANMER.

A *wasteful cock* is what we now call a *waste pipe* ; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. COLLINS.

[2] Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort, which presents itself to Timon, who, though beggar'd through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures. STEEV.

[3] *Argument*—may mean the contents, as the argument of a book ; or for evidences and proofs. JOHNSON.

Shall I try friends : You shall perceive, how you  
Mistake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my friends.  
Within there, ho !——Flaminius ! Servilius !

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.*

*Serv.* My lord, my lord,——

*Tim.* I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord Lucius,  
—To lord Lucullus you ; I hunted with his  
Honour to-day ;—You, to Sempronius ;  
Commend me to their loves ; and, I am proud, say,  
That my occasions have found time to use them  
Toward a supply of money : let the request  
Be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.

*Flav.* Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus ? humph ! [*Asi.*

*Tim.* Go you, sir, to the senators, [*To another Serv.*  
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have  
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant  
A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold,  
(For that I knew it the most gen'ral way,)<sup>4</sup>  
To them to use your signet, and your name ;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is't true ? can it be ?

*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are honourable,—  
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but  
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—  
And so, intending other serious matters,<sup>5</sup>  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,<sup>6</sup>  
With certain half-caps,<sup>7</sup> and cold-moving nods,  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them !—  
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly ; These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :<sup>8</sup>  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;

[4] *General* is not speedy, but compendious, the way to try many at a time.

JOHNSON.

[5] *Intending* is regarding, turning their notice to other things.

JOHNSON.

[6] *Fractions*—broken hints, interrupted sentences, abrupt remarks.

JOHNSON.

[7] A *half-cap* is a cap slightly moved, not put off.

JOHNSON.

[8] *Hereditary* for by natural constitution. But some distempers of natural constitution being called hereditary, he calls their ingratitude so.

WARBURTON.

And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—  
 Go to Ventidius,—[*To a Serv.*] Pr'ythee, [*To FLAVIUS.*]  
 be not sad,  
 Thou art true, and honest ; ingeniously I speak,<sup>9</sup>  
 No blame belongs to thee :—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately  
 Buried his father ; by whose death, he's stepp'd  
 Into a great estate : when he was poor,  
 Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,  
 I clear'd him with five talents : Greet him from me ;  
 Bid him suppose, some good necessity  
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd  
 With those five talents :—that had, [*To FLAVIUS.*] give it  
 these fellows,  
 To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,  
 That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.  
*Flav.* I would, I could not think it ; That thought is  
 bounty's foe ;  
 Being free itself, it thinks all others so.<sup>1</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in LUCULLUS's House.*

FLAMINIUS waiting. *Enter a Servant to him.*

*Serv.* I HAVE told my lord of you, he is coming down  
 to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

*Serv.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul.* [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I  
 warrant. Why, this hits right ; I dreamt of a silver ba-  
 son and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius ; you  
 are very respectfully welcome, sir.<sup>2</sup>—Fill me some wine.  
 [*Exit Servant.*]—And how does that honourable, complete,  
 free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good  
 lord and master ?

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, sir : And  
 what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius ?

*Flam.* 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir ; which,

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[9] *Ingenious* was anciently used instead of *ingenuous*. REED.

[1] *Free* is liberal, not parsimonious. JOHNSON.

[2] Respectfully. So in *King John*,  
 " 'Tis too respective." STEEVENS.

in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply ; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him ; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he ? alas, good lord ! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't ; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less : and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his ;<sup>3</sup> I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

*Re-enter Servant, with wine.*

*Serv.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

*Lucul.* Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason : and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well : good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman : but thou art wise ; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money ; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee ; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is't possible, the world should so much differ ; And we alive, that liv'd ?<sup>4</sup> Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*

*Lucul.* Ha ! Now, I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit LUCULLUS.*

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may scald thee !  
Let molten coin be thy damnation,<sup>5</sup>  
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself !  
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

[3] *Honesty* does not here mean probity, but liberality. M. MASON.

[4] And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to say, in so short a time. WARBURTON.

[5] Perhaps the poet alludes to the punishment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. In *The Shepherd's Calendar*, however, Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles full of boiling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women for to fulfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise. STEEV.

It turns in less than two nights ?<sup>6</sup> O you gods,  
 I feel my master's passion ! This slave  
 Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him :  
 Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,  
 When he is turn'd to poison ?  
 O, may diseases only work upon't !  
 And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature  
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour ! [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A public Place. Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

*Luc.* Who, the lord Timon ? he is my very good friend,  
 and an honourable gentleman.

*1 Stran.* We know him for no less,<sup>7</sup> though we are but  
 strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord,  
 and which I hear from common rumours ; now lord Ti-  
 mon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks  
 from him.

*Luc.* Fye, no, do not believe it ; he cannot want for  
 money.

*2 Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long  
 ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to bor-  
 row so many talents ;<sup>8</sup> nay, urged extremely for't, and  
 showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How ?

*2 Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that ? now, before the  
 gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man ?  
 there was very little honour showed in't. For my own  
 part, I must needs confess, I have received some small  
 kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such  
 like trifles, nothing comparing to his ; yet, had he mis-  
 took him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his  
 occasion so many talents.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Ser.* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord ; I have sweat  
 to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,— [To LUCIUS.

*Luc.* Servilius ! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee

[6] Alluding to the turning or acescence of milk. JOHNSON.

[7] That is, we know him by report to be no less than you represent him, though we are strangers to his person. JOHNSON.

[8] A certain number of talents, such a number as he might happen to want.

well :—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Ser.* May it please your honour, my lord has sent—

*Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

*Ser.* He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

*Luc.* I know, his lordship is but merry with me; he cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

*Ser.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous,<sup>9</sup>

I should not urge it half so faithfully.<sup>1</sup>

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Ser.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable? how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

*Ser.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I will look you out a good turn, Servilius. [*Ex. SER.*—True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;

And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed. [*Exit.*

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this

Is the world's soul; And just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him

His friend, that dips in the same dish?<sup>2</sup> for, in

[9] If he did not want it for a good use. JOHNSON.

[1] Faithfully for fervently. WARBURTON.

[2] This phrase is scriptural: "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish." *St. Mat.* xxvi. 23. STELVENS.



My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,  
 And kept his credit with his purse ;  
 Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money  
 Has paid his men their wages : He ne'er drinks,  
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ;  
 And yet, (O, see the monstrosousness of man  
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !)  
 He does deny him, in respect of his,<sup>3</sup>  
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,  
 I never tasted Timon in my life,  
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,  
 To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,  
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
 And honourable carriage,  
 Had his necessity made use of me,  
 I would have put my wealth into donation,  
 And the best half should have return'd to him,<sup>4</sup>  
 So much I love his heart : But, I perceive,  
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense :  
 For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same.* A room in SEMPRONIUS'S House. Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in't ? Humph ! 'Bove all others ?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus ;  
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
 Whom he redeem'd from prison : All these three  
 Owe their estates unto him.

*Serv.* O my lord,  
 They have all been touch'd,<sup>5</sup> and found base metal ; for  
 They have all denied him.

*Sem.* How ! have they denied him ?  
 Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him ?  
 And does he send to me ? 'Three ? humph !——  
 It shows but little love or judgment in him.

[3] That is, in respect of his fortune, what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars.

JOHNSON.

[4] The best half of my wealth should have been the *reply*, I would have *answered* his requisition with the best half of what I am worth.

STEEVENS.

[5] That is, *tried*, alluding to the touchstone.

JOHNSON.

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,  
 Thrive, give him over; <sup>1</sup> Must I take the cure upon me?  
 He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,  
 That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,  
 But his occasions might have woo'd me first;  
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
 That e'er receiv'd gift from him:  
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
 That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove  
 An argument of laughter to the rest,  
 And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.  
 I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
 He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;  
 I had such a courage to do him good. <sup>2</sup> But now return,  
 And with their faint reply this answer join;  
 Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. *[Exit.*

*Serv.* Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The  
 devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic;  
 he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the  
 end, the villanies of man will set him clear. <sup>3</sup> How fairly  
 this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to  
 be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would  
 set whole realms on fire! <sup>4</sup>

Of such a nature is his politic love.  
 This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,  
 Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,  
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
 Now to guard sure their master.  
 And this is all a liberal course allows;  
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house. <sup>5</sup>

*[Exit.*

[1] His friends like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish*, and *forsake him*, or give his case up as desperate. STEEVENS.

[2] Such an ardour, such an eager desire. JOHNSON.

[3] The devil's folly in making man politic, is to appear in this, that he will at the long run be too many for his old master, and yet free of his bonds. The villanies of man are to set himself clear, not the devil, to whom he is supposed to be in thralldom. RITSON.

[4] This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. These people were then set upon a project of new-modelling the ecclesiastical and civil government according to scripture rules and examples; which makes him say, that *under zeal* for the word of God, *they would set whole realms on fire*. So Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At best the similitude is an awkward one: but it fitted the audience, though not the speaker. WARBURTON.

[5] Keep within doors for fear of duns. JOHNSON.

## SCENE IV.

*The same. A Hall in TIMON'S House. Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*Var. Serv.* Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

*Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro.

*Hor.* Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, and, I think,

One business does command us all; for mine  
Is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

*Luc. Serv.* And sir

Philotus too!

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

*Phi.* Labouring for nine.

*Luc. Serv.* So much?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet?

*Luc. Serv.* Not yet.

*Phi.* I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:  
You must consider, that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's;<sup>6</sup> but not, like his, recoverable.  
I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;  
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little.<sup>7</sup>

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll show you how to observe a strange event.  
Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* Most true, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,  
For which I wait for money.

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* Mark, how strange it shows,

[6] That is, like him in blaze and splendour.

"Soles occidere et redire possunt." *Cat.* JOHNSON.

[7] Still perhaps alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow. STEEVENS.

Timon in this should pay more than he owes :  
 And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
 And send for money for 'em.

*Hor.* I am weary of this charge,<sup>8</sup> the gods can witness :  
 I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,  
 And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns : What's  
 yours ?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep : and it should seem by  
 the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine ;  
 Else, surely, his had equall'd.

*Enter FLAMINIUS.*

*Tit.* One of lord Timon's men.

*Luc. Serv.* Flaminius ! sir, a word : 'Pray, is my lord  
 ready to come forth ?

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship ; 'pray, signify so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that ; he knows, you are too  
 diligent. *[Exit.*

*Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.*

*Luc. Serv.* Ha ! is not that his steward muffled so ?  
 He goes away in a cloud : call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, sir ?

1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,——

*Flav.* What do you ask of me, my friend ?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.* Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,  
 'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not  
 Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat  
 Of my lord's meat ? Then they could smile, and fawn  
 Upon his debts, and take down th' interest  
 Into their gluttonous maws ; You do yourselves but wrong,  
 To stir me up ; Let me pass quietly :  
 Believe't, my lord and I have made an end ;  
 I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Flav.* If 'twill not,

'Tis not so base as you ; For you serve knaves. *[Exit.*

1 *Var. Serv.* How ! what does his cashier'd worship  
 mutter ?

[8] That is, of this commission, of this employment.

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what ; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in ? Such may rail against great buildings.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Tit.* O, here's Servilius ; now we shall know  
Some answer.

*Serv.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen,  
To repair some other hour, I should much  
Derive from it : for, take it on my soul,  
My lord leans wond'rously to discontent.  
His comfortable temper has forsook him ;  
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

*Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers, are not sick ;  
And, if it be so far beyond his health,  
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,  
And make a clear way to the gods.

*Ser.* Good gods !

*Tit.* We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

*Flam.* [*within.*] Servilius, help !—my lord ! my lord !—

*Enter TIMON, in a rage ; FLAMINIUS following.*

*Tim.* What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage ?  
Have I been ever free, and must my house  
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol ?  
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,  
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart ?

*Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

*Tit.* My lord, here is my bill.

*Luc. Serv.* Here's mine.

*Hor. Serv.* And mine, my lord.

*Both Var. Serv.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* All our bills.

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em :<sup>s</sup> cleave me to the gir-

*Luc. Serv.* Alas ! my lord,— [dile.

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours ?—and yours ?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

[8] Timon catches at the word *bills*, and alludes to the *bills* or *battle-axes*, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the watch in Shakespeare's time.

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*Tim.* Tear me, take me, and the gods fall on you! [*Exit.*

*Hor.* 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me, the Creditors!—devils. [*slaves:*

*Flav.* My dear lord,—

*Tim.* What if it should be so?

*Flav.* My lord,—

*Tim.* I'll have it so:—My steward!

*Flav.* Here, my lord.

*Tim.* So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Flav.* O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul;  
There is not so much left, to furnish out  
A moderate table.

*Tim.* Be't not in thy care; go,  
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide  
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE V.

*The same. The Senate-House. The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:  
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

*Alcib.* Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

*Alcib.* I am an humble suitor to your virtues;  
For pity is the virtue of the law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.  
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy  
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,  
Hath steep'd into the law, which is past depth  
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.  
He is a man, setting his fate aside,<sup>1</sup>

[1] Putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the question. STEEVENS.

Of comely virtues ;  
 Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice ;  
 (An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)  
 But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,  
 Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
 He did oppose his foe :  
 And with such sober and unnoted passion  
 He did behave his anger,<sup>2</sup> ere 'twas spent,  
 As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,<sup>3</sup>  
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :  
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd  
 'To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling  
 Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,  
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world  
 When sects and factions were newly born :  
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer  
 The worst that man can breathe ; and make his wrongs  
 His outsides ; wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;  
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
 To bring it into danger.  
 If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,  
 What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill ?

*Alcib.* My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear ;  
 To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

*Alcib.* My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,  
 If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,  
 And not endure all threatnings ? sleep upon it,  
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
 Without repugnancy ? but if there be  
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we  
 Abroad ? why then, women are more valiant,  
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it ;  
 And th' ass, more captain than the lion ; the felon,  
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,  
 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,  
 As you are great, be pitifully good :  
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?  
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;<sup>5</sup>

[2] *Unnoted*, for common, bounded.—*Behave*, for curb, manage. WARBURTON.

[3] You undertake a paradox too hard. JOHNSON.

[4] What do we, or what have we to do in the field? JOHNSON.

[5] I believe *gust* means rashness. The allusion may be to a sudden gust of wind. STEEVENS.

But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.<sup>6</sup>  
 To be in anger, is impiety ;  
 But who is man, that is not angry ?  
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alcib.* In vain ? his service done  
 At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,  
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that ?

*Alcib.* Why I say, my lords, h'as done fār service,  
 And slain in fight many of your enemies :  
 How full of valour did he bear himself  
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds ?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he  
 Is a sworn rioter :<sup>7</sup> h'as a sin that often  
 Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner :  
 If there were no foes, that were enough alone  
 To overcome him : in that beastly fury  
 He has been known to commit outrages,  
 And cherish factions : 'Tis inferr'd to us,  
 His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

*Alcib.* Hard fate ! he might have died in war.  
 My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
 (Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
 And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,  
 Take my deserts to his, and join them both :  
 And, for I know, your reverend ages love  
 Security, I'll pawn my victories,<sup>8</sup> all  
 My honour to you, upon his good returns.  
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
 Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;  
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,  
 On height of our displeasure : Friend, or brother,  
 He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

*Alcib.* Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,  
 I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How ?

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What ?

*Alcib.* I cannot think, but your age has forgot me ;

[6] I call mercy herself to witness, that defensive violence is just. JOHNSON.

[7] A sworn rioter, is a man who practises riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. JOHN. [8] He charges them obliquely with being usurers. JOHNSON.



It could not else be, I should prove so base,<sup>9</sup>  
To sue, and be denied such common grace :  
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?  
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;  
We banish thee forever.

*Alcib.* Banish me ?  
Banish your dotage ; banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,  
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our  
spirit,<sup>1</sup>

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*

*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough ; that you  
may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you !  
I am worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their money, and let out  
Their coin upon large interest ; I myself,  
Rich only in large hurts ;—All those, for this ?  
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate  
Pours into captains' wounds ? ha ! banishment ?

It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.

'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds ;

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*

#### SCENE VI.

*A magnificent Room in TIMON'S House. Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords at several doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable  
lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring,<sup>2</sup> when we  
encountered : I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made  
it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new  
feasting.

[9] *Base* for dishonoured. WARBURTON.

[1] *Not to swell our spirit*, I believe, means, not to put ourselves into any tumour  
of rage, take our definitive resolution. STEEVENS.

[2] A hawk, I think, is said to tire when she amuses herself with pecking a phea-  
sant's wing or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To tire upon a thing, there-  
fore, is to be idly employed upon it. JOHNSON.

1 *Lord.* I should think so : He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off ; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you ?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces !

1 *Lord.* What of you ?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

*Enter TIMON, and Attendants.*

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both :—And how fare you ?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

*Tim.* [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter ; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay : feast your ears with the music awhile ; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound : we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

*Tim.* O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,—

*Tim.* Ah, my good friend ! what cheer ?

[*The Banquet brought in.*]

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

*Tim.* Think not on't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—  
Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord.* All covered dishes !

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you. [yield it.]

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can

1 *Lord.* How do you ? What's the news ?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished : Hear you of it ?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished !

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How ? how ?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what ?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near ?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still. [toward..

3 *Lord.* Will't hold ? will't hold ?

2 *Lord.* It does : but time will—and so——

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

*Tim.* Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress : your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place :- Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

*You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised : but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another ; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains : If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees,<sup>3</sup> O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*

*Some speak.* What does his lordship mean ?

*Some other.* I know not.

*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold,

You knot of mouth-friends ! smoke, and luke-warm water :

Is your perfection.<sup>4</sup> This is Timon's last ;

Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,

Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces.

[*Throwing water in their faces.*

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,

Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,<sup>5</sup>

[3] We should read---*foes.* WARBURTON.

[4] Your *perfection*, is, the highest of your excellence.

JOHNSON.

[5] *Time's flies*---flies of a season.

JOHNSON

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!<sup>6</sup>  
 Of man, and beast, the infinite malady<sup>7</sup>  
 Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?  
 Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou;—

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity!

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.*

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords?<sup>9</sup>

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Walls of Athens. Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* LET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,  
 That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,  
 And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;  
 Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,  
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,  
 And minister in their steads! to general filths  
 Convert o'the instant, green virginity!  
 Do't in your parent's eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;  
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,

[6] A *minute-jack* is what was formerly a *Jack of the clock-house*; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church. See note K. Richard III. Vol. VII. p. 78. n. 6.

[7] Every kind of disease incident to man and beast. JOHNSON.

[8] This and the next speech are spoken by the newly arrived lords. MALONE.

And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!  
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
 And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;  
 Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,  
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,  
 With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,  
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
 Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,  
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,  
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
 Decline to your confounding contraries,  
 And yet confusion live!<sup>9</sup>—Plagues, incident to men,  
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,  
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
 As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty  
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;  
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,  
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop  
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;  
 That their society, as their friendship, may  
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
 But nakedness, thou détestable town!  
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!<sup>11</sup>  
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find  
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.  
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all),  
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!  
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!  
 Amen.

[Exit.

## SCENE II.

*Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House. Enter FLAVIUS<sup>2</sup> with two or three Servants.*

1 Ser. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?  
 Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

[9] Though by such confusion all things seem to hasten to dissolution, yet let not dissolution come, but the miseries of confusion continue. JOHNSON.

[1] Accumulated curses. *Multiplying* for *multiplied*: the active participle with a passive signification. STEEVENS.

[2] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domestics: nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants. JOHNSON.

*Flav.* Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?  
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,  
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!  
So noble a master fallen! all gone! and not  
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,  
And go along with him.

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs  
From our companion, thrown into his grave;  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,  
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,  
A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

*Enter other Servants.*

*Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,  
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,  
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;  
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part  
Into this sea of air.

*Flav.* Good fellows all,  
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,  
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
*We have seen better days.* Let each take some;

*[Giving them money.]*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:  
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor. [*Exe. Serv.*]  
—O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!<sup>2</sup>  
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since riches point to misery and contempt?  
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live  
But in a dream of friendship?  
'To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,  
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?  
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;  
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,<sup>3</sup>  
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!

[2] *Fierce*—I believe, is here used for hasty, precipitate. STEEVENS.

[3] Throughout these plays *blood* is frequently used in the sense of natural property or disposition. MALONE.

Who then dares to be half so kind again ?  
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men:  
 My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,  
 Rich, only to be wretched ;—thy great fortunes  
 Are made thy chief afflictions: Alas, kind lord !  
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat  
 Of monstrous friends : nor has he with him to  
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.  
 I'll follow, and inquire him out :  
 I'll serve his mind with my best will ;  
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

## SCENE III.

*The Woods. Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth  
 Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb<sup>5</sup>  
 Infect the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—  
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes ;  
 The greater scorns the lesser : Not nature,  
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
 But by contempt of nature.<sup>6</sup>  
 Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord ;  
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
 The beggar native honour.  
 It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,  
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,  
 In purity of manhood stand upright,  
 And say, *This man's a flatterer ?* if one be,  
 So are they all ; for every grize of fortune<sup>7</sup>  
 Is smooth'd by that below : the learned pate  
 Ducks to the golden fool : All is oblique ;  
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
 But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd  
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !  
 His semblance, yea, himself, Timon disdains :  
 Destruction fang mankind !—Earth, yield me roots !  
 [Digging.]

[5] That is, the moon's, this sublunary world. JOHNSON.

[6] The meaning I take to be this: Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother ; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, besieged as it is by misery, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when elevated by fortune, will despise beings of nature like its own. JOHNSON.

[7] Grize for step or degree POPE.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate  
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?  
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,  
 I am no idle votarist.<sup>8</sup> Roots, you clear heavens!  
 Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;  
 Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.  
 Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this  
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;<sup>9</sup>  
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.<sup>1</sup>  
 This yellow slave  
 Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;  
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,  
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
 With senators on the bench: this is it,  
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;<sup>2</sup>  
 She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores  
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
 To the April day again.<sup>3</sup> Come, damned earth,  
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds  
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
 Do thy right nature.<sup>4</sup>—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a drum?  
 —Thou'rt quick,<sup>5</sup>  
 But yet I'll bury thee. Thou'lt go, strong thief,  
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—  
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.]

*Enter* ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;*  
 PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

*Alcib.* What art thou there?

*Speak.*

*Tim.* A beast as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,  
 For showing me again the eyes of man!

*Alcib.* What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,  
 That art thyself a man?

*Tim.* I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

[8] No insincere or inconstant supplicant. Gold will not serve me instead of roots.  
 JOHNSON.

[9] Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, Act V. Scene 2, makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with *Plutus*.  
 WARBURTON.

[1] Men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier.  
 WARBURTON.

[2] The wappened widow is one who is no longer alive to those pleasures, the desire of which was her first inducement to marry.  
 HENLEY.

[3] That is, to the wedding day, called by the poet, satirically, *April day*, or *Fool's day*.  
 JOHNSON.

[4] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee.  
 JOHNSON.

[5] Thou hast life and motion in thee.  
 JOHNSON.



For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.

*Alcib.* I know thee well ;

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

*Tim.* I know thee too ; and more, than that I know thee,  
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum ;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules :

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel ;

Then what should war be ? This fell whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look.

*Phry.* Thy lips rot off !

*Tim.* I will not kiss thee ; then the rot returns  
To thine own lips again.

*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to this change ?

*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light to give :

But then renew I could not, like the moon ;

There were no suns to borrow of.

*Alcib.* Noble Timon,

What friendship may I do thee ?

*Tim.* None, but to

Maintain my opinion.

*Alcib.* What is it, Timon ?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none : If  
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee,<sup>6</sup> for  
Thou art a man ! if thou dost perform, confound thee,  
For thou'rt a man !

*Alcib.* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

*Alcib.* I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

*Timan.* Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world  
Voic'd so regardfully ?

*Tim.* Art thou Timandra ?

*Timan.* Yes.

*Tim.* Be a whore still ! they love thee not, that use thee ;  
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours : season the slaves

For tubs, and baths ; bring down rose-cheeked youth

To the tub-fast, and the diet.

*Timan.* Hang thee, monster !

*Alcib.* Pardon him, sweet Timandra ; for his wits  
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

[6] That is, however thou may'st act, since thou art man, hated man, I wish thee  
evil. JOHNSON.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,  
The want whereof doth daily make revolt  
In my penurious band : I have heard, and griev'd,  
How curs'd Athens, mindless of thy worth,  
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,  
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

*Tim.* I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

*Alcib.* I am thy friend; and pity thee, dear Timon.

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble ?  
I had rather be alone.

*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well :

Here's some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep't, I cannot eat it.

*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens ?

*Alcib.* Ay, 'Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all i'thy conquest ; and  
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd !

*Alcib.* Why me, Timon ?

*Tim.* That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer  
My country.

Put up thy gold ; Go on,—here's gold,—go on ;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air.<sup>7</sup> Let not thy sword skip one :

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He's an usurer : Strike me the counterfeit matron ;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd : Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,

That through the wondow-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

Set them down horrible traitors : Spare not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy ;

Think it a bastard,<sup>8</sup> whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse : Swear against objects ;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :

Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,

[7] This is wonderfully sublime and picturesque.      WARBURTON.

[8] An allusion to the tale of Oedipus.      WARBURTON.

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

*Alcib.* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

*Phry. and Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon: Hast thou more?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade, And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts, Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,— Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear, Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues, The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths, I'll trust to your conditions;<sup>9</sup> Be whores still; And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you, Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up; Let your close fire predominate his smoke, And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, six months, Be quite contrary:<sup>1</sup> And thatch you poor thin roofs With burdens of the dead;<sup>2</sup>—some that were-hang'd, No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still; Paint till a horse may mire upon your face: A pox of wrinkles!

*Phry. and Timan.* Well, more gold;—What then?— Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins, And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice, That he may never more false title plead, Nor sound his quillets shrilly: Hoar the flamen,<sup>3</sup> That scolds against the quality of flesh, And not believes himself: down with his nose, Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away Of him, that his particular to foresee,

[9] You need not swear to continue whores, I will trust to your inclinations.

JOHNSON.

[1] I believe this means,—“Yet for half the year at least, may you suffer such punishment as is inflicted on strumpets in houses of correction.” STEEVENS.

[2] About the year 1595, when the fashion was first introduced in England of wearing more hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to go about, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbs' Anatomy of Abuses, which I have often quoted on the article of dress. STEEVENS.

[3] This may mean, Give the flamen the hoar leprosy. As before in this play, “Make the hoar leprosy ador'd.” STEEVENS.

Smells from the general weal :<sup>4</sup> Make curl'd-pate ruffians bald ;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;  
That your activity may defeat and quell  
The source of all erection.—There's more gold :—  
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
And ditches grave you all !<sup>5</sup>

*Phry. and Timan.* More counsel with more money,  
bounteous Timon.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first ; I have given  
your earnest.

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell,  
Timon ;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alcib.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm ?

*Tim.* Men daily find it such. Get thee away,

And take thy beagles with thee.

*Alcib.* We but offend him.—

*Strike.* [*Drum beats. Exe. ALCIB. PHRY. and TIMA.*]

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry !—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof, thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,<sup>6</sup>  
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven<sup>7</sup>  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;  
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !  
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,

[4] The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To foresee his particular, is to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of public good. In hunting, when hares have cross'd one another, it is common for some of the hounds to snell from the general weal, and foresee their own particular. Shakespeare, who appears to have been a skilful sportsman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes here to hunting. JOHNSON.

[5] To grave is to entomb. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakespeare and his contemporary authors. To ungrave, was likewise to turn out of a grave. STEEVENS.

[6] Eyeless venom'd worm ;—the serpent, which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call the blind worm and the Latin, *cacilia*. JOHNSON.

[7] By *crisp*, perhaps Shakespeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. In the *Tempest*, Ariel talks of riding

" On the curl'd clouds." STEEVENS.

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !  
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;  
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
 Never presented !—O, a root,—Dear thanks !  
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas ;  
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,  
 And morsel unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
 That from it all consideration slips !<sup>8</sup>—

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man ? plague ! plague !

*Apem.* I was directed hither. Men report,  
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog  
 Whom I would imitate : Consumption catch thee !

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but affected ;  
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
 From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this place ?  
 This slave-like habit ? and these looks of care ?  
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft ;  
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes,<sup>9</sup> and have forgot  
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,  
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.<sup>1</sup>  
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
 By that which has undone thee : hinge thy knee,  
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,  
 Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,  
 And call it excellent : Thou wast told thus ;  
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome  
 To knaves, and all approachers : 'Tis most just,  
 That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth again,  
 Rascals should hav't. Do not assume my likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself ;  
 A madman so long, now a fool : What, think'st  
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
 Will put thy shirt on warm ? Will these moss'd trees,  
 That have out-liv'd the eagle,<sup>2</sup> page thy heels,

[8] The sense is this ; " O nature ! cease to produce men, enseat thy womb ; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them ; dry up thy marrows, on which they fatten with unctuous morsels, thy vines, which give them liquorish draughts, and thy plough-torn leas." JOHNSON.

[9] Diseased, perfumed mistresses. MALONE.

[1] The *cunning of a carper* is the insidious art of a critic. Shame not these woods by coming here to find fault. STEEVENS.

[2] *Aquila senectus* is a proverb. The great age of this bird has been ascertained

And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,  
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—  
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
 Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,  
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
 Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;  
 O! thou shalt find——

*Tim.* A fool of thee: Depart.

*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out?

*Apem.* 'To vex thee.

*Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* What! a knave too?

*Apem.* If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on  
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou  
 Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,  
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery  
 Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:<sup>3</sup>  
 The one is filling still, never complete;  
 The other, at high wish. Best state, contentless,  
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
 Worse than the worst, content.<sup>4</sup>  
 Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath, that is more miserable.  
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
 With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.<sup>5</sup>  
 'Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath,<sup>7</sup> proceeded

from the circumstance of its always building its eyrie or nest in the same place.

STEEVENS.

[3] Arrives sooner at *high wish*; that is, at the completion of its wishes. JOHNS.  
 [4] Best states contentless have a wretched being, worse than that of the worst states that are content. JOHNSON.

[5] Alluding to the word Cynic, of which sect Apemantus was. WARBURTON.  
 [6] There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.----There is in a letter, written by the earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat re-embles this, with which, I believe every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence. "God graat your lordship may quickly feel the com-

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
 To such as may the passive drugs of it  
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself  
 In general riot ; melted down thy youth  
 In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd  
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd  
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,  
 Who had the world as my confectionary ;  
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men  
 At duty, more than I could frame employment ;  
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
 For every storm that blows ;—I, to bear this,  
 That never knew but better, is some burden :  
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men ?  
 They never flatter'd thee : What hast thou giv'n ?  
 If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,<sup>8</sup>  
 Must be thy subject ; who, in spite, put stuff  
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee  
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! be gone !—  
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.<sup>9</sup>

*Apem.* Art thou proud yet ?

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.* I, that I was

No prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now ;

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,

I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—

---

fort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble ; or if my delights had been once tasted by them they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy ; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, there is no peace to the ungodly." JOHNSON.

[7] From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a new-born child.

JOHNSON.

[8] The lowest of the people are yet called *tag*, *rag*, &c.

MALONE.

[9] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble.

JOHNSON.

That the whole life of Athens were in this !

Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*

*Apem.* Here ; I will mend thy feast,

[*Offering him something.*

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thyself.

*Apem.* So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;

If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What wouldst thou have to Athens ?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,

Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best, and truest :

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Apem.* Where ly'st o'nights, Timon ?

*Tim.* Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o'days, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather, where I eat it.

*Tim.* 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind !

*Apem.* Where wouldst thou send it ?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes.

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends : When thou wast in thy guilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity ;<sup>1</sup> in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate, I feed not.

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar ?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An thou hadst hated medlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means ?

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved ?

*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee ; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers ?

*Tim.* Women nearest ; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power ?

[1] For too much finical delicacy.



*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts ?

*Apem.* Ay, Timon.

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to ! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee : if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee : if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass : if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee ; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf : if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner : wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury :<sup>2</sup> wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse ; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard ; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life :<sup>3</sup> all thy safety were remotion ; and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast ? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation ?

*Apem.* If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here : The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city ?

*Apem.* Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee ! I will fear to catch it, and give way : When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.<sup>4</sup>

*Tim.* 'Would thou wert clean enough, to spit upon.

*Apem.* A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

*Tim.* All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

[2] The account given of the unicorn is this : that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn, he betakes himself to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him, and kills him. *Gesner's Hist. Animal.* See note on *Julius Cæsar*, p. 29, n. 1. HANMER.

[3] This seems to be an allusion to the Turkish policy:

"Bears, like the Turk, no brother near the throne."—Pope. STEEVENS.

[4] The *top* the *principal*. The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit. JOHNSON.

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would, my tongue could rot them off!

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

*Apem.* 'Would thou wouldst burst!

*Tim.* Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee.

[*Throws a stone at him.*]

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

*Tim.* Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap!<sup>5</sup> thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilitiës,

And make them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!<sup>6</sup>

Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

*Apem.* 'Would 'twere so;—

But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:

'Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.* Throng'd to?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I pr'ythee.

*Apem.* Live, and love thy misery!

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die!—I am quit. [*Exit APEM.*]

[5] The imagery is here exquisitely beautiful and sublime.

[6] Touch for touchstone. STEEVENS.

—More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

*Enter Thieves.*

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

*Thieves.* Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

*Thieves.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves?

*Thieves.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too; and women's sons.

*Thieves.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,  
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,

That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not

In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft

In limited professions.<sup>8</sup> Rascal thieves,

Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,

And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;

Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,

Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:

[7] "Vile olus, et duris hærentia mora rubetis,  
Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem:  
Flumine vicino stultus sinit."

I do not suppose these to be imitations, but only to be similar thoughts on similar occasions. JOHNSON.

[8] Regularly, orderly professions. MALONE.

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
 Robs the vast sea : the moon's an arrant thief,  
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :  
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
 The moon into salt tears : the earth's a thief,  
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen  
 From general excrement : each thing's a thief ;  
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power  
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves ; away ;  
 Rob one another. There's more gold : Cut throats ;  
 All that you meet are thieves : To Athens, go,  
 Break open shops ; nothing can you steal,  
 But thieves do lose it : Steal not less, for this  
 I give you ; and gold confound you howsoever !

Amen. [TIMON retires to his cave.

3 *Thief*. He has almost charmed me from my profession,  
 by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief*. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus ad-  
 vises us ; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over  
 my trade.

1 *Thief*. Let us first see peace in Athens : There is no  
 time so miserable, but a man may be true. [*Exe. Thieves.*

*Enter FLAVIUS.*

*Flav.* O you gods !

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord ?  
 Full of decay and failing ? O monument  
 And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd !  
 What an alteration of honour has  
 Desperate want made !<sup>9</sup>  
 What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,  
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !  
 How rarely<sup>1</sup> does it meet with this time's guise,  
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies :<sup>2</sup>  
 Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo  
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do !<sup>3</sup>  
 He has caught me in his eye : I will present  
 My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,  
 Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

[9] *An alteration of honour* is an alteration of an honourable state to a state of disgrace. JOHNSON. [1] *Rarely* for fitly ; not for seldom. Warburton.

[2] *Wish'd* means here recommended. REED.

[3] The sense is, Let me rather woo or caress those that would mischief, that profess to mean me mischief, than those that really do me mischief, under false professions of kindness. The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb ; "Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself." This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage. JOHNSON

*TIMON comes forward from his cave.*

*Tim.* Away! what art thou?

*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir?

*Tim.* Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;  
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man, I have forgot thee.

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours.

*Tim.* Then

I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man  
About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,  
'To serve in meat to villains.

*Flav.* The gods are witness,  
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

*Tim.* What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I  
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st [love thee,  
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,  
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:  
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping.

*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord,  
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,  
To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward so true, so just, and now  
So comfortable? It almost turns  
My dangerous nature wild.<sup>4</sup> Let me behold  
Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—  
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,  
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim  
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;  
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—  
How fain would I have hated all mankind,  
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,  
I fell with curses.  
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;  
For, by oppressing and betraying me,  
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:  
For many so arrive at second masters,  
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,  
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)  
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,  
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,  
Expecting in return twenty for one?

*Flav.* No, my most worthy master, in whose breast

[4] Shakespeare wrote *mild*. It almost reconciles me to mankind. WARB.

Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late :  
 You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast :  
 Suspect still comes where an estate is least.  
 That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,  
 Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,  
 Care of your food and living : and, believe it,  
 My most honour'd lord,  
 For any benefit that points to me,  
 Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange  
 For this one wish, That you had power and wealth  
 To requite me, by making rich yourself.

*Tim.* Look thee, 'tis so !—Thou singly honest man,  
 Here, take :—the gods out of my misery  
 Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy :  
 But thus condition'd ; Thou shalt build from men ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Hate all, curse all : show charity to none ;  
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,  
 Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs  
 What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow them,  
 Debts wither them : Be men like blasted woods,  
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods !  
 And so, farewell, and thrive.

*Flav.* O, let me stay,  
 And comfort you, my master.

*Tim.* If thou hat'st  
 Curses, stay not ; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free :  
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before TIMON'S Cave. Enter Poet and Painter ; TIMON behind, unseen.*

*Pain.* As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

*Poet.* What's to be thought of him ? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold ?

*Pain.* Certain : Alcibiades reports it ; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him : he likewise enriched poor stragglers with great quantity : 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

- [5] Away from human habitations.

*Pain.* Nothing else : you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish<sup>6</sup> with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his : it will show honestly in us ; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him ?

*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation : only I will promise him an excellent piece.

*Poet.* I must serve him so too ; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

*Pain.* Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time : it opens the eyes of expectation : performance is ever the duller for his act ; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable : performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

*Tim.* Excellent workman ! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

*Poet.* I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him : It must be a personating of himself :<sup>7</sup> a satire against the softness of prosperity : with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

*Tim.* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work ? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men ? Do so, I have gold for thee.

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him :  
Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Pain.* True ;  
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,  
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.  
Come.

*Tim.* I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,  
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,  
Than where swine feed !  
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam :  
Settlest admired reverence in a slave :  
To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey !  
'Fit I do meet them.

[*Advancing.*

[6] This allusion is scriptural, and occurs in Psalm xcii. 11. "The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree." STEEV. [7] *Personating* for representing simply. For the subject of this projected satire was Timon's case, not his person. WARB.

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon ! "

*Pain.* Our late noble master.

*Tim.* Have I once liv'd to see two honest men ?

*Poet.* Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,  
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits !  
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—  
What ! to you !

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence  
To their whole being ! I'm rapt, and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

*Tim.* Let it go naked, men may see't the better :  
You, that are honest, by being what you are,  
Make them best seen, and known.

*Pain.* He, and myself,  
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.

*Tim.* Ay, you are honest men.

*Pain.* We are hither come to offer you our service.

*Tim.* Most honest men ! Why, how shall I requite you ?  
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water ? no.

*Both.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

*Tim.* You are honest men : You have heard that I  
have gold ;

I am sure, you have : speak truth : you are honest men.

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord ; but therefore  
Came not my friend, nor I.

*Tim.* Good honest men :—Thou draw'st a counterfeit  
Best in all Athens : thou art, indeed, the best ;  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* Even so, sir, as I say :—And, for thy fiction, [*To Poet.*  
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,  
That thou art even natural in thine art.—  
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,  
I must needs say, you have a little fault :  
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you ; neither wish I,  
You take much pains to mend.

*Both.* Beseech your honour,  
To make it known to us.

*Tim.* You'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord.



*Tim.* Will you, indeed ?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*Tim.* There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,  
That mightily deceives you.

*Both.* Do we, my lord ?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,  
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom : yet remain assur'd,  
That he's a made-up villain.<sup>8</sup>

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.* Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well ; I'll give you gold,  
Rid me these villains from your companies :  
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,<sup>9</sup>  
Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord, let's know them.

*Tim.* You that way, and you this, but two in company :  
—Each man apart, all single and alone,  
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.  
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be.

[*To the Painter.*

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet,*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—  
Hence ! pack ! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves :  
You have done work for me, there's payment :  
You are an alchymist, make gold of that :—  
Out, rascal dogs ! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

## SCENE II.

*The same.* Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

*Flav.* It is in vain that you would speak with Timon ;  
For he is set so only to himself,  
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,  
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave :  
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,  
To speak with Timon.

3 *Sen.* At all times alike

[8] A complete, a finished villain. MASON.

[9] That is, in the jakes. JOHNSON.

[1] Do you go that way, and you this, and yet still each of you will have two in your company: each of you, though single and alone, will be accompanied by an arch villain. MALONE.

Men are not still the same : 'Twas time, and griefs,  
That fram'd him thus : Time, with his fairer hand,  
Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
The former man may make him : Bring us to him,  
And chance it as it may.

*Flav.* Here is his cave.—

Peace and content be here ! lord Timon ! Timon !  
Look out, and speak to friends : The Athenians,  
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :  
Speak to them, noble Timon.

*Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn !—Speak, and be  
hang'd :

For each true word, a blister ! and each false  
Be as a cauterizing to the root o'the tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking !

*1 Sen.* Worthy Timon,——

*Tim.* Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

*2 Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

*Tim.* I thank them ; and would send them back the  
plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

*1 Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,

Entreat thee back to Athens ; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

*2 Sen.* They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross :

Which now the public body,—which doth seldom

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fall,<sup>2</sup> restraining aid to Timon ;

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,

Together with a recompense more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;<sup>3</sup>

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

[2] The Athenians had sense, that is, felt the danger of their own fall, by the arms of Alcibiades. JOHNSON.

[3] A recompense so large, that the offence they have omitted, though every dram of that offence should be put into the scale, cannot counterpoise it. The recompense will outweigh the offence, which, instead of weighing down the scale in which it is placed, will kick the beam. MALONE.

And write in thee the figures of their love,  
Ever to read them thine.

*Tim.* You witch me in it ;  
Surprize me to the very brink of tears :  
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

*1 Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,  
And of our Athens (thine, and ours,) to take  
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name  
Live with authority :—So soon we shall drive back  
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;  
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
His country's peace.

*2 Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword  
Against the walls of Athens.

*1 Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

*Tim.* Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir ; Thus,—  
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,  
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,  
Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war ;  
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,  
In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,  
And let him take't at worst ; for their knives care not,  
While you have throats to answer : for myself,  
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,<sup>4</sup>  
But I do prize it at my love, before  
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you  
To the protection of the prosperous gods,  
As thieves to keepers.

*Flav.* Stay not, all's in vain.

*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph,  
It will be seen to-morrow ; my long sickness  
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,<sup>5</sup>  
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still ;  
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough !

*1 Sen.* We speak in vain.

[4] A *whittle* is still in many places the common name for a pocket clasp knife, such as children use. STEEVENS.

[5] The disease of life begins to promise me a period. JOHNSON.

*Tim.* But yet I love my country ; and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wreck,  
As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass  
through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers  
In their applauding gates.

*Tim.* Commend me to them ;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them :  
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

*Tim.* I have a tree, which grows here in my close,  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it ; Tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,<sup>6</sup>  
From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree halth felt the axe,  
And hang himself :—I pray you, do my greeting.

*Flav.* Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

*Tim.* Come not to me again : but say to Athens,  
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;  
Which once a day with his embossed froth  
The turbulent surge shall cover ; thither come,  
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—  
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end :  
What is amiss, plague and infection mend !  
Graves only be men's works ; and death, their gain !  
Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign. [*Ex.* TIM.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably  
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead : Let us return,  
And strain what other means is left unto us  
In our dear peril.<sup>7</sup>

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot.

[*Exeunt.*]

[6] Methodically, from highest to lowest. JOHNSON.

[7] *Dear*, in Shakespeare's language, is *dire*, *dreadful*. So in Hamlet,  
"Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven." MALONE.

## SCENE III.

*The Walls of Athens. Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.*

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd ; are his files  
As full as thy report ?

*Mes.* I have spoke the least :  
Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

*Mes.* I met a courier, one mine ancient friend ;—  
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old love made a particular force,  
And made us speak like friends :<sup>a</sup>—this man was riding  
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship i'the cause against your city,  
In part for his sake mov'd.

*Enter Senators from TIMON.*

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—  
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring  
Doth choke the air with dust : In, and prepare ;  
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*The Woods. TIMON's Cave, and a Tombstone scen. Enter  
a Soldier, seeking TIMON.*

*Sol.* By all description this should be the place.  
Who's here ? speak, ho !—No answer ?—What is this ?  
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span :  
Some beast rear'd this ; there does not live a man.  
Dead, sure ; and this his grave.—  
What's on this tomb I cannot read ; the character  
I'll take with wax : Our captain hath in every figure skill ;  
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days :  
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,  
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

[<sup>a</sup>] I am fully convinced that this, and many other passages of our author, have been irretrievably corrupted by transcribers or printers, and could not have proceeded in their present state from Shakespeare ; for what we cannot understand in the closet, must have been wholly useless on the stage. The awkward repetition of the word *made*, strongly countenances my present observation. STEEVENS.

## SCENE V.

*Before the Walls of Athens. Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades, and Forces.*

*Alcib.* Sound to this coward and lascivious town  
Our terrible approach. *[A parley sounded.]*

*Enter Senators on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time  
With all licentious measure, making your wills  
The scope of justice ; till now, myself, and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power,  
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms,<sup>9</sup> and breath'd  
Our sufferance vainly : Now the time is flush,<sup>1</sup>  
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,  
Cries, of itself, *No more* :<sup>2</sup> now breathless wrong  
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;  
And pury insolence shall break his wind,  
With fear, and horrid flight.

*1 Sen.* Noble, and young,  
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,  
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause for fear,  
We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,  
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
Above their quantity.<sup>3</sup>

*2 Sen.* So did we woo  
Transformed Timon to our city's love,  
By humble message, and by promis'd means ;  
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve  
The common stroke of war.

*1 Sen.* These walls of ours  
Were not erected by their hands, from whom  
You have receiv'd your griefs : nor are they such,  
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall  
For private faults in them.

*2 Sen.* Nor are they living,<sup>4</sup>  
Who were the motives that you first went out ;  
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess  
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,

[9] *Travers'd arms*, arms across. JOHNSON.

[1] A bird is flush when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. *Flush* is mature. JOHNSON.

[2] The marrow was supposed to be the original of strength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who rises immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear.

[3] *Their yeters* to griefs.

MALONE.

WARBURTON.

Into our city with thy banners spread :  
 By decimation, and a tithed death,  
 (If thy revenges hunger for that food,  
 Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth ;  
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,  
 Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended ;  
 For those that were, it is not square,<sup>4</sup> to take,  
 On those that are, revenges : crimes, like lands,  
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,  
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :  
 Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,  
 Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall  
 With those that have offended : like a shepherd,  
 Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,  
 But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,  
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,  
 Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot  
 Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;  
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
 To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,  
 Or any token of thine honour else,  
 That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,  
 And not as our confusion, all thy powers  
 Shall make their harbour in our town, till we  
 Have seal'd thy full desire.

*Alcib.* Then there's my glove ;  
 Descend, and open your uncharg'd ports ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,  
 Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,  
 Fall, and no more : and,—to atone your fears  
 With my more noble meaning,—not a man  
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream  
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds,  
 But shall be remedied, to your public laws  
 At heaviest answer.<sup>6</sup>

*Both.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*]

[4] Not regular, not equitable. JOHNSON.

[5] *Uncharged* means unattacked. MASON.

[6] Not a soldier shall quit his station, or be let loose upon you ; and, if any commits violence, he shall answer it regularly to the law. JOHNSON.

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sol.* My noble general, Timon is dead ;  
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea :  
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture ; which  
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression  
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

*Alcib.* [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched  
soul bereft :*

*Seek not my name : A plague consume you wicked caitiffs  
left !*

*Here lie I Timon ; who, alive, all living men did hate :  
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not here thy  
gait.<sup>7</sup>*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :  
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,  
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which  
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead  
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory  
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,  
And I will use the olive with my sword :  
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make each  
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.<sup>8</sup>—  
Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]

[7] This epitaph is in sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, *wretches* instead of *caitiffs*. STEEVENS.

[8] Physician. STEEVENS.



**TITUS ANDRONICUS.**



## OBSERVATIONS.

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[TITUS ANDRONICUS.] It is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the author, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism. JOHNSON.

There is an authority for ascribing this play to Shakespeare, which I think a very strong one, though not made use of, as I remember, by any of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called *Palladis Tamia, or the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meres, Maister of Arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are *King John*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Richard the Third*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies are, the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the *Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Comedy of Errors*, the *Love's Labour's Lost*, the *Love's Labour Won*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I have given this list, as it serves so far to ascertain the date of these plays; and also, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakespeare, the *Love's Labour Won*, not included in any collection of his works; nor, as far as I know, attributed to him by any other authority. If there should be a play in being with that title, though without Shakespeare's name, I should be glad to see it; and I think the editor would be sure of the public thanks, even if it should prove no better than the *Love's Labour's Lost*. TYRWHITT.

The work of criticism on the plays of our author, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itself in proportion to the value of the piece under consideration; and we shall always do little where we desire but little should be done. I know not that this piece stands in need of much emendation; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in some countries,—any experiments might be justifiably made on it.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad,

which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play on the same subject. "John Danter] Feb. 6, 1593. A book entitled *A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus.*"

"Enter'd unto him also the ballad thereof."

Entered again April 19, 1602, by Tho. Pavyer.

The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. Dr. Percy adds, that "there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited 'five-and-twenty or thirty years:' which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shows at least it was a first attempt."

Though we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great dramattick writer from the imputation of having produced this sanguinary performance, yet I cannot admit that the circumstance of its being discreditably mentioned by Ben Jonson, ought to have any weight; for Ben has not very sparingly censured *The Tempest*, and other pieces which are undoubtedly among the most finished works of Shakespeare. The whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malicious sneer on him.

Painter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. speaks of the story of *Titus* as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of *Tamora*: And, in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, is the following allusion to it:

"----- as welcome shall you be  
 "To me, my daughters, and my son in law,  
 "As *Titus* was unto the Roman senators,  
 "When he had made a conquest on the *Goths*."

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakespeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt,—a Thersites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.

STEEVENS.

On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned, is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author, in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. "I have been told," (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687,) "by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters."

"A booke entitled *A noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*," was entered at Stationers'-Hall, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition,) and acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Sussex. It is observable that in the entry no author's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, *The old Taming of a Shrew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II.* by whom not one of Shakespeare's plays is said to have been performed.

From Ben Jonson's Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation in 1589; or taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakespeare, would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a doubt on the question.—I will however mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of *Appius and Virginia*, *Tancred and Gismund*, *The Battle of Alcazar*, *Jeronimo*, *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, *The Wounds of Civil War*, *The*

*Wars of Cyrus, Locrine, Arden of Feversham, King Edward I. The Spanish Tragedy, Solymán and Perseda, King Leir, the old King John, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakespeare, and he will at once perceive that Titus Andronicus was coined in the same mint.*

The testimony of Meres, mentioned in a preceding note, alone remains to be considered. His *enumerating* this among Shakespeare's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being *printed* by his fellow-comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was in 1598, when his book appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and *probably* acquainted with some of the dramatic poets of the time, from some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakespeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakespeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been misinformed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. For six of the plays which he has mentioned, (exclusive of the evidence which the representation of the pieces themselves might have furnished,) he had perhaps no better authority than the whisper of the theatre; for they were not then printed. He could not have been deceived by a title-page, as Dr. Johnson supposes; for Shakespeare's name is *not* in the title-page of the edition printed in quarto in 1611, and therefore we may conclude, was not in the title-page of that in 1594, of which the other was undoubtedly a re-impression. Had this mean performance been the work of Shakespeare, can it be supposed that the booksellers would not have endeavoured to procure a sale for it by stamping his name upon it?

In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books, and being afterwards printed without the name of our author, its being performed by the servants of Lord Pembroke, &c. the stately march of the versification, the whole colour of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most ancient dramas, the dissimilitude of the style from our author's undoubted compositions, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, when some of his con-

temporaries had not been long dead, (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow-comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration, and Sir William D'Avenant, who had himself written for the stage in 1629, did not die till April 1668 ;) all these circumstances combined, prove with irresistible force that the play of *Titus Andronicus* has been erroneously ascribed to Shakespeare. MALONE.

“ *Kyd*—probably original author of *Andronicus*, *Lochrine*, and play in *Hamlet*.—Marloe, of H. 6.

“ Ben Jonson, *Barthol. Fair*—ranks together *Hieronymo* and *Andronicus*, [time and stile]—first exposed him to the criticks—shelter'd afterwards under another's name.

“ *Sporting Kyd* [perhaps wrote comedy] and Marloe's mighty line—*Jonson*. [might assist Lily.] Perhaps Shakespeare's additions *outshone*.

“ Tamburlaine mention'd with praise by *Heywood*, as Marloe's might be different from the bombast one—and that written by *Kyd*.”

From a loose scrap of paper, in the hand writing of Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

In the library of the Duke of Bridgewater, at Ashbridge, is a volume of old quarto plays, numbered R. 1. 7 ; in which the first is *Titus Andronicus*. TODD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, son to the late emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared emperor himself.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people; and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS,  
QUINTUS, } sons to Titus Andronicus.  
MARTIUS,  
MUTIUS, }

Young LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the tribune.

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS,  
CHIRON, } sons to Tamora.  
DEMETRIUS, }

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.  
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a Black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—Rome; and the country near it.





TITUS ANDRONICUS



DEMETRIUS, CHORDR, BARON, MURAR & CHILD.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Painted by T. Kirk

Turner, Vallance, Kearny & Co. sc.

# TITUS ANDRONICUS.



## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other; with drum and colours.*

*Saturninus.*

NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title<sup>1</sup> with your swords:  
I am his first-born son, that was the last  
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

*Bas.* Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,  
—If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,  
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence, and nobility:  
But let desert in pure election shine;  
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter* MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.

*Mar.* Princes—that strive by factions, and by friends,  
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—  
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand  
A special party, have, by common voice,  
In election for the Roman empery,  
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,  
For many good and great deserts to Rome;  
A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
Lives not this day within the city walls:  
He by the senate is accited home,

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[1] My title to the succession.

From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;  
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook  
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms  
 Our enemies' pride : Five times he hath return'd  
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
 In coffins from the field ;  
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
 Let us intreat,—By honour of his name,  
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,  
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—  
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;  
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

*Sat.* How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

*Bas.* Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy  
 In thy uprightness and integrity,  
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
 Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,  
 And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;  
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,  
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.*]

*Sat.* Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,  
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;  
 And to the love and favour of my country  
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,  
 As I am confident and kind to thee.—  
 Open the gates, and let me in.

*Bas.* Tribunes ! and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt with  
 Senators, MAR. &c.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.* Enter a Captain, and others.

*Cap.* Romans, make way ; The good Andronicus,  
 Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
 Successful in the battles that he fights,

With honour and with fortune is return'd,  
From where he circumscribed with his sword,  
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS : after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black ; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS ; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners ; Soldiers and People, following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

*Tit.* Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds !  
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,  
Returns with precious lading to the bay,  
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
To re-salute his country with his tears ;  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—  
Thou great defender of this Capitol,<sup>2</sup>  
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !—  
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,  
Half of the number that king Priam had,  
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !  
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love ;  
These, that I bring unto their latest home,  
With burial amongst their ancestors :  
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.  
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?—  
Make way to lay them by their brethren. [*The tomb is opened.*  
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !  
O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
That thou wilt never render to me more ?

*Luc.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,  
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,  
*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,  
Before this earthly prison of their bones ;  
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,  
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.<sup>3</sup>

[2] Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

JOHNSON.

[3] It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends, to solicit the rites of funeral.

STEEVENS.

*Tit.* I give him you ; the noblest that survives,  
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

*Tam.* Stay, Roman brethren ;—Gracious conqueror,  
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
A mother's tears in passion for her son :  
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
O, think my son to be as dear to me.  
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,  
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,  
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ;  
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,  
For valiant doings in their country's cause ?  
O ! if to fight for king and common weal  
Were piety in thine, it is in these.  
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood :  
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?  
Draw near them then in being merciful :  
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.  
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

*Tit.* Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.  
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld  
Alive, and dead ; and for their brethren slain,  
Religiously they ask a sacrifice :  
To this your son is mark'd ; and die he must,  
'To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

*Luc.* Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;  
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exe. LUC. QUIN. MART. and MUT. with ALARBUS.*]

*Tam.* O cruel, irreligious piety !

*Chi.* Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

*Dem.* Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest ; and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.  
Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,  
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy  
With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,  
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,  
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)  
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with  
their swords bloody.*

*Luc.* See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,  
 And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
 Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.  
 Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,  
 And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

*Tit.* Let it be so, and let Andronicus  
 Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

*[Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.]*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;  
 Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,  
 Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !  
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
 Here grow no damned grudges ; here, are no storms,  
 No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :

*Enter LAVINIA.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

*Lav.* In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;

My noble lord and father, live in fame !

Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears

I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;

And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy

Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :

O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,

Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

*Tit.* Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd  
 The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !—

Lavinia, live ; out-live thy father's days,

And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !<sup>4</sup>

*Enter MAR. ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and others.*

*Mar.* Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,

Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

*Tit.* Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

*Mar.* And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,

That in your country's service drew your swords :

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,

That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,<sup>5</sup>

And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,

Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,

[4] To outlive an eternal date, is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame. JOHN.

[5] The maxim of Solon is, that no man can be pronounced happy before his death.

Send thee, by me, their tribune, and their trust,  
 This palliament of white and spotless hue ;  
 And name thee in election for the empire,  
 With these our late-deceased emperor's sons :  
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,  
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

*Tit.* A better head her glorious body fits,  
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness :  
 What ! should I don this robe,<sup>6</sup> and trouble you ?  
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day ;  
 To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,  
 And set abroad new business for you all ?  
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,  
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
 In right and service of their noble country :  
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
 But not a sceptre to control the world :  
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

*Mar.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell ?—

*Tit.* Patience, prince Saturnine.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right ;—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not  
 'Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor :—  
 Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,  
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

*Luc.* Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
 The noble-minded Titus means to thee !

*Tit.* Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee  
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

*Bas.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
 But honour thee, and will do till I die ;  
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,  
 I will most thankful be : and thanks, to men  
 Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

*Tit.* People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,  
 I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;  
 Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

*Trib.* To gratify the good Andronicus,  
 And gratulate his safe return to Rome,  
 The people will accept whom he admits.

*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,

[6] i. e. Do on this robe, put it on.



That you create your emperor's eldest son,  
 Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,  
 Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,  
 And ripen justice in this common-weal :  
 Then if you will elect by my advice,  
 Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor !*

*Mar.* With voices and applause of every sort,  
 Patricians, and plebeians, we create  
 Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor ;  
 And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine !* [*A long flourish.*]

*Sat.* Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done  
 To us in our election this day,  
 I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
 And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :  
 And, for an onset, Titus, to advance  
 Thy name, and honourable family,  
 Lavinia will I make my emperess,  
 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
 And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :  
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

*Tit.* It doth, my noble lord ; and, in this match,  
 I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :  
 And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—  
 King and commander of our common-weal,  
 The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate  
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;  
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :  
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,  
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

*Sat.* Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !  
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,  
 Rome shall record ; and, when I do forget  
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

*Tit.* Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor ;  
[*To TAMORA.*]  
 To him, that for your honour and your state,  
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

*Sat.* A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue  
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—  
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance ;  
 Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,  
 Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :  
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
Daunt all your hopes ; madam, he comforts you,  
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—  
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

*Lav.* Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

*Sat.* Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go :  
Ransomeless here we set our prisoners free :  
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

*Bas.* Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[Seizing LAVINIA.]

*Tit.* How, sir ? are you in earnest then, my lord ?

*Bas.* Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal,  
To do myself this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.]

*Mar.* *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :  
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

*Luc.* And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

*Tit.* Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's guard ?  
—Treason, my lord ; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

*Sat.* Surpriz'd ! By whom ?

*Bas.* By him that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Exe. MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.]

*Mut.* Brothers, help to convey her hence away,  
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[Exe. LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

*Tit.* Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

*Mut.* My lord, you pass not here.

*Tit.* What, villain boy !

Barr'st me my way in Rome ? [TITUS kills MUTIUS.]

*Mut.* Help, Lucius, help !

Re-enter LUCIUS.

*Luc.* My lord, you are unjust ; and, more than so,  
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

*Tit.* Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine :  
My sons would never so dishonour me :  
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

*Luc.* Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife,  
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

[Exit.]

*Sat.* No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not,  
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :  
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;  
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,  
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,  
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

*Tit.* O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

*Sat.* But go thy ways; go, give that changing-piece<sup>7</sup>  
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:  
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;  
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,  
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—  
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,  
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—  
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,  
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,  
And will create thee emperess of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?  
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—  
Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing  
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—  
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,  
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

*Tam.* And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,  
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accompany  
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,  
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,  
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:  
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his Followers: TAMORA,  
and her Sons; AARON and Goths.*]

*Tit.* I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

[7] Spoken of Lavinia. Piece, was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

*Mar.* O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done !  
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

*Tit.* No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine,—  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed  
That hath dishonour'd all our family ;  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

*Luc.* But let us give him burial, as becomes ;  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

*Tit.* Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb.  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified ;  
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,  
Repose in fame ; none basely slain in brawls :—  
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

*Mar.* My lord, this is impiety in you :  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him ;  
He must be buried with his brethren.

*Quin. Mar.* And shall, or him we will accompany.

*Tit.* And shall ? What villain was it spoke that word ?

*Quin.* He that would vouch 't in any place but here.

*Tit.* What, would you bury him in my despite ?

*Mar.* No, noble Titus ; but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

*Tit.* Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,  
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded :  
My foes I do repute you every one ;  
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

*Mart.* He is not with himself, let us withdraw.

*Quin.* Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.]

*Mar.* Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

*Quin.* Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

*Mar.* Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

*Mar.* Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.  
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.  
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax  
That slew himself ; and wise Laertes' son  
Did graciously plead for his funerals :<sup>8</sup>

[8] This passage alone would sufficiently convince me, that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original lan-

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

*Tit.* Rise, Marcus, rise :—

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome !—  
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS is put into the tomb.

*Luc.* There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,  
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb !—

*All.* No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;  
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

*Mar.* My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—  
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths  
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome ?

*Tit.* I know not, Marcus ; but, I know, it is ;  
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell :  
Is she not then beholden to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so far ?  
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish.* Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended ; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON : At the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.

*Sat.* So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize ;  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

*Bas.* And you of yours, my lord : I say no more,  
Nor wish no less ; and so I take my leave.

*Sat.* Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

*Bas.* Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife ?  
But let the laws of Rome determine all ;  
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

*Sat.* 'Tis good, sir : You are very short with us ;  
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

*Bas.* My lord, what I have done, as best I may,  
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.  
Only thus much I give your grace to know,  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,  
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd ;  
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

guage. We have here a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakespeare. In that piece Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader, whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains. STEEVENS.

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
 In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath  
 To be control'd in that he frankly gave :  
 Receive him then to favour, Saturnine ;  
 That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,  
 A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

*Tit.* Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds ;  
 'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me :  
 Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,  
 How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine !

*Tam.* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
 Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
 Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;  
 And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

*Sat.* What ! madam ! be dishonour'd openly,  
 And basely put it up without revenge ?

*Tam.* Not so, my lord ; the gods of Rome forefend,  
 I should be author to dishonour you !

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake  
 For good lord Titus' innocence in all,  
 Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs :  
 Then, at my suit, looks graciously on him ;  
 Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,  
 Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,  
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :  
 You are but newly planted in your throne ;  
 Lest then the people, and patricians too,  
 Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
 And so supplant us for ingratitude,

(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)  
 Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :

I'll find a day to massacre them all,  
 And raze their faction, and their family,  
 The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,  
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;  
 And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen  
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.

—Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—  
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

*Sat.* Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.

*Tit.* I thank your majesty, and her, my lord :  
 These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

} *Aside.*

*Tam.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
 A Roman now adopted happily,  
 And must advise the emperor for his good.  
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;—  
 And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—  
 For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd  
 My word and promise to the emperor,  
 That you will be more mild and tractable.—  
 And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia ;—  
 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,  
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

*Luc.* We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,  
 That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,  
 Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

*Mar.* That on mine honour here I do protest.

*Sat.* Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.—

*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends :  
 The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;  
 I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

*Sat.* Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brothers's here,  
 And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
 I do remit these young men's heinous faults.  
 Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
 I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore,  
 I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
 Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,  
 You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :  
 This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

*Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty,  
 To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
 With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

*Sat.* Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [Exeunt.]

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before the Palace. Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
 Safe out of fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,  
 Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash ;  
 Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.

As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
 And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
 Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,  
 And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;  
 So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,  
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
 'Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
 And mount her pitch ; whom thou in triumph long  
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains ;  
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,  
 Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.  
 Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts !  
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
 To wait upon this new-made emperess.  
 'To wait, said I ? to wanton with this queen,  
 This goddess, this Semiramis ;—this queen,  
 This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
 And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.  
 Holla ! what storm is this ?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.*

*Dem.* Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,  
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;  
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

*Chi.* Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all ;  
 And so in this to bear me down with braves.  
 'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,  
 Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate :  
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou ;  
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;  
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

*Aar.* Clubs, clubs !<sup>9</sup> These lovers will not keep the  
 peace.

*Dem.* Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd  
 Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,  
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends ?  
 Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,  
 Till you know better how to handle it.

*Chi.* Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,  
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

*Dem.* Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ? *[They draw.]*

[9] This was the usual cry for assistance, when any riot happened. STEEVENS.



*Aar.* Why, how now, lords ?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,  
And maintain such a quarrel openly ?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge ;

I would not for a million of gold,

'The cause were known to them it most concerns :

Nor would your noble mother, for much more,

Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.

*Dem.* Not I ; till I have sheath'd

My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,

'Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,

'That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

*Chi.* For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—

Foul-spoken coward ! that thunder'st with thy tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

*Aar.* Away, I say.—

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous

It is to jut upon a prince's right ?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,

Without controlment, justice, or revenge ?

Young lords, beware !—an should the empress know

'This discord's ground, the music would not please.

*Chi.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world ;

I love Lavinia more than all the world.

*Dem.* Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice.

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

*Aar.* Why, are ye mad ? or know ye not, in Rome

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love ?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths

By this devise.

*Chi.* Aaron, a thousand deaths

Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

*Aar.* To achieve her !—How ?

*Dem.* Why mak'st thou it so strange ?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;

She is a woman, therefore may be won ;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man ! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know :  
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

*Aar.* Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*

*Dem.* Then why should he despair, that knows to  
court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality ?  
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose ?

*Aar.* Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so  
Would serve your turns.

*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

*Dem.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* 'Would you had hit it too ;  
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.  
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,  
To square for this ?<sup>1</sup> Would it offend you then  
That both should speed ?

*Chi.* I'faith, not me.

*Dem.* Nor me,  
So I were one.

*Aar.* For shame, be friends ; and join for that you jar.  
'Tis policy and stratagem must do  
That you affect ; and so must you resolve ;  
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,  
You must perforce accomplish as you may.  
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste  
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.  
A speedier course than lingering banishment  
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.  
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;  
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :  
The forest walks are wide and spacious ;  
And many unfrequented plots there are,  
Fitted by kind<sup>2</sup> for rape and villany :  
Single you thither then this dainty doe,  
And strike her home by force, if not by words :  
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.  
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,  
To villany and vengeance consecrate,  
Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;

[1] To square---to quarrel. STEEVENS.

[2] That is, by nature, which is the old signification of kind. JOHNSON.

And she shall file our engines with advice,<sup>3</sup>  
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,  
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :  
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;  
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns :  
 There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,  
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

*Chi.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

*Dem.* *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream  
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
*Per Styga, per manes vehor.*

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.<sup>4</sup>

*A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of Hounds. Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c. MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

*Tit.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,<sup>5</sup>  
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :  
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,  
 And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  
 And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,  
 That all the court may echo with the noise.—  
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
 To tend the emperor's person carefully ;  
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Horns wind a peal : Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.*

*Tit.* Many good morrows to your majesty ;—  
 Madam, to you as many and as good !—  
 I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

*Sat.* And you have rung it lustily, my lords,  
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

*Bas.* Lavinia, how say you ?

*Lav.* I say, no ;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

[3] Remove all impediments from our designs by advice. The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by conferring smoothness, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compose an engine or piece of machinery. STEEVENS.

[4] The division of this play into acts, which was first made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun. JOHNSON.

[5] Bright, and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but grey, which foretold fair weather. WARBURTON.

*Sat.* Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,  
And to our sport :—Madam, now shall ye see  
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.

*Mar.* I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

*Tit.* And I have horse will follow where the game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

*Dem.* Chiron, we hunt not, with horse nor hound,  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

*A desert Part of the Forest.* Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

*Aar.* He, that had wit, would think that I had none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit it.

Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,  
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem ;  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget

A very excellent piece of villany :  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,<sup>6</sup>

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.<sup>7</sup> [Hides the gold.

Enter TAMORA.

*Tam.* My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?

'The birds chaunt melody on every bush ;  
'The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;  
'The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a checquered shadow on the ground :

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,

As if a double hunt were heard at once,—  
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise :  
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd

The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd,  
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,  
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—  
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,

[6] *Unrest*, for disquiet, is a word frequently used by the old writers. STEEV.

[7] This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it. JOHNSON.

Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;  
 Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,  
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song  
 Of lullaby,<sup>8</sup> to bring her babe asleep.<sup>9</sup>

*Aar.* Madam, though Venus govern your desires,  
 Saturn is dominator over mine :<sup>1</sup>

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?  
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,  
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll  
 To do some fatal execution ?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;  
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,  
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—  
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;  
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day :  
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.

Seest thou this letter ? take it up I pray thee,  
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll :—  
 Now question me no more, we are espied ;  
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

*Tam.* Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

*Aar.* No more, great empress, Bassianus comes :  
 Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
 To back thy quarrels, whatso'er they be.

[*Exit.*

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*

*Bas.* Who have we here ? Rome's royal emperess,  
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop ?  
 Or is it Dian, habited like her ;  
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,

[8] Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary, says, 'it is observable that nurses call sleep by *lullaby* is therefore lull to sleep.' But to *lull* originally signified to *sleep*. To *compose to sleep by a pleasing sound* is a secondary sense retained after its primitive import became obsolete. The verbs to *loll* and *lollop* evidently spring from the same root. And *by* meant *house* ; go to *by*, is go to house or cradle. The compliment at parting, good *by*, is good *house* ; *may your house prosper* ; and *Selby*, the archbishop of York's palace, is great *house*. So that *lullaby* implies literally *sleep in house*. i. e. the *cradle*. WHITE.

[9] There is much poetical beauty in this speech of Tamora. It appears to me to be the only one in the play that is in the style of Shakespeare. MASON.

[1] The meaning of this may be illustrated by the astronomical description of Saturn, by Greene, 1585: "The star of Saturn is especially cooling, and somewhat drie," &c. Again, in the *Sea Voyage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"— the sullen Saturn had predominance

At your nativity, a malignant planet!" COLLINS.

To see the general hunting in this forest ?

*Tam.* Saucy controller of our private steps !  
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,  
Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns, as was Acteon's ; and the hounds  
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

*Lav.* Under your patience, gentle emperess,  
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;  
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments :  
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day !  
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

*Bas.* Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian<sup>2</sup>  
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequester'd from all your train ?  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

*Lav.* And, being intercepted in your sport,  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,  
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love ;  
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

*Bas.* The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

*Lav.* Ay, for these slips have made him noted long :  
Good king ! to be so mightily abus'd !

*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all this ?

*Enter* CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

*Dem.* How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,  
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ?

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?  
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,  
A barren detested vale, you see, it is :  
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.  
Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,  
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.  
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

[2] *Swarth* is black. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness. JOHNSON.

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,  
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,  
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
 As any mortal body, hearing it,  
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.<sup>4</sup>  
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,  
 But straight they told me, they would bind me here  
 Unto the body of a dismal yew ;  
 And leave me to this miserable death.  
 And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,  
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms  
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.  
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,  
 This vengeance on me had they executed :  
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs* *BAS.*

*Chi.* And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*

*Lav.* Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!  
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard ; you shall know, my boys,  
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

*Dem.* Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her ;  
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :  
 This minion stood upon her chastity,  
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
 And with that painted hope braves your mightiness ;<sup>5</sup>  
 And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

*Chi.* An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.  
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,  
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

*Tam.* But when you have the honey you desire,  
 Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

*Chi.* I warrant you, madam ; we will make that sure.—  
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

*Lav.* O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

*Tam.* I will not hear her speak ; away with her.

[4] This is said in fabulous physiology, of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up. JOHNSON.

[5] *Painted hope* is only specious hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid. JOHNSON.

*Lav.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

*Dem.* Listen, fair madam : Let it be your glory  
To see her tears ; but be your heart to them,  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam ?  
O, do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee :  
The milk, thou suck'st from her, did turn to marble ;  
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—  
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;  
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [To CHIRON.

*Chi.* What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a  
bastard ?

*Lav.* 'Tis true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark :  
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now !)  
The lion mov'd with pity, did endure  
To have his princely paws par'd all away.  
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :  
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

*Tam.* I know not what it means ; away with her.

*Lav.* O, let me teach thee : for my father's sake,  
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,  
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

*Tam.* Had thou in person ne'er offended me,  
Even for his sake am I pitiless :—  
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,  
To save your brother from the sacrifice ;  
But fierce Andronicus would not relent :  
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will ;  
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

*Lav.* O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,  
And with thine own hands kill me in this place :  
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long ;  
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

*Tam.* What begg'st thou then ? fond woman, let me go.

*Lav.* 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more,  
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :  
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,  
And tumble me into some loathsome pit ;  
Where never man's eye may behold my body :  
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :  
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.



*Dem.* Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

*Lav.* No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!  
The blot and enemy to our general name!  
Confusion fall——

*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou her  
husband; [*Dragging off LAVINIA.*]  
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*]

*Tam.* Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her sure:  
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,  
Till all the Andronici be made away.  
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,  
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE IV.

*The same.* Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

*Aar.* Come on, my lords; the better foot before:  
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,  
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

*Quin.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

*Mart.* And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,  
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[MARTIUS falls into the pit.]

*Quin.* What art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,  
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,  
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?  
A very fatal place it seems to me:—  
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

*Mart.* O, brother, with the dismallest object  
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

*Aar.* [*Asi.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here;  
That he thereby may give a likely guess,  
How these were they that made away his brother. [*Exit.*]

*Mart.* Why dost not comfort me, and help me out  
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

*Quin.* I am surprized with an uncouth fear:  
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

*Mart.* To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

*Quin.* Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart  
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold

The thing whereat it trembles by surmise :  
O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now  
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

*Mart.* Lord Bassianus lies imbrued here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

*Quin.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he ?

*Mart.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,<sup>6</sup>  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit :  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.  
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—  
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—  
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

*Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out :  
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.  
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink

*Mart.* Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

*Quin.* Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,  
Till thou art here aloft, or I below :

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [Falls in.

*Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.*

*Sat.* Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,  
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.  
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

*Mart.* The unhappy son of old Andronicus ;  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

*Sat.* My brother dead ? I know, thou dost but jest :  
He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
Upon the north side of this pleasant chace ;  
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

*Mart.* We know not where you left him all alive,  
But, out alas ! here have we found him dead.

[6] There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence. JOHNSON.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

*Tam.* Where is my lord the king ?

*Sat.* Here, Tamora ; though griev'd with killing grief.

*Tam.* Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound ;  
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,  
The complot of this timeless tragedy : *[Giving a letter.*  
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

*Sat.* *[reads.] An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*  
*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—*  
*Do thou so much as dig the grave for him ;*  
*Thou know'st our meaning : Look for thy reward .*  
*Among the nettles at the elder-tree,*  
*Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,*  
*Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.*

*Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

—O, Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree :

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,  
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

*Aar.* My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

*[Showing it.*

*Sat.* Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,  
Have here bereft my brother of his life : *[To Titus.*  
—Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison ;  
There let them 'bide, until we have devis'd  
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

*Tam.* What, are they in this pit ? O wondrous thing !  
How easily murder is discovered !

*Tit.* High emperor, upon my feeble knee  
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,  
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,  
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

*Sat.* If it be prov'd ! you see, it is apparent.—  
Who found this letter ? Tamora, was it you ?

*Tam.* Andronicus himself did take it up.

*Tit.* I did, my lord : yet let me be their bail :  
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,  
They shall be ready at your highness' will,  
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

*Sat.* Thou shalt not bail them ; see, thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers :  
 Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain ;  
 For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,  
 That end upon them should be executed.

*Tam.* Andronicus, I will entreat the king ;  
 Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

*Tit.* Come, Lucius, come ; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

### SCENE V.

*The same.* Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA,  
 ravished ; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

*Dem.* So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,  
 Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

*Chi.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so ;  
 And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

*Dem.* See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

*Chi.* Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

*Dem.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;  
 And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

*Chi.* An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

*Dem.* If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exe. DEM. and CHI.*]

Enter MARCUS.

*Mar.* Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast ?  
 Cousin, a word ; Where is your husband ?—  
 If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me !  
 If I do wake, some planet strike me down,  
 That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—  
 Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands  
 Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare  
 Of her two branches ? those sweet ornaments,  
 Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in ;  
 And might not gain so great a happiness,  
 As half thy love ? Why dost not speak to me ?  
 Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,  
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,  
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,  
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.  
 But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee ;  
 And, lest thou shou'dst detect him, cut thy tongue<sup>8</sup>  
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame !

[7] If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking. JOHNSON.

[8] Tereus having ravished Philomela, his wife's sister, cut out her tongue to prevent a discovery. MALONE.

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—  
 As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—  
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,  
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.  
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?  
 O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,  
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!  
 Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,  
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,  
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:  
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;  
 A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,  
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands  
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,  
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;  
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life:  
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,  
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,  
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.<sup>9</sup>  
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:  
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye:  
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;  
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?  
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;  
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street. Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the Place of Execution; TITUS going before, pleading.*

*Tit.* HEAR me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!  
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;  
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;  
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;  
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see

Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;  
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,  
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought !  
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,  
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.  
 For these, these tribunes, in the dust I write

*[Throwing himself on the ground.*

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.  
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;  
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

*[Exe. Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.*

O, earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,  
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,  
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers :  
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still ;  
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,  
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter* LUCIUS, *with his sword drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes ! gentle aged men !  
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;  
 And let me say, that never wept before,  
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

*Luc.* O, noble father, you lament in vain ;  
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,  
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

*Tit.* Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead :  
 —Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

*Luc.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

*Tit.* Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,  
 They would not mark me ; or, if they did mark,  
 All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.  
 Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;  
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
 Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,  
 For that they will not intercept my tale :  
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;  
 And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
 Rome could afford no tribune like to these.  
 A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones ;  
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;  
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from their death :  
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

*Tit.* O happy man ! they have befriended thee.  
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,  
That Rome is but a wilderness of Tigers ?  
Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey,  
But me and mine : How happy art thou then,  
From these devourers to be banished ?  
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

*Enter* MARCUS and LAVINIA.

*Mar.* Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep ;  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break ;  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Tit.* Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

*Mar.* This was thy daughter.

*Tit.* Why, Marcus, so she is.

*Luc.* Ah me ! this object kills me !

*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her :—  
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?  
What fool hath added water to the sea ?  
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy ?  
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,  
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—  
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;  
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;  
In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
And they have serv'd me to effectless use :  
Now, all the service I require of them  
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—  
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;  
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

*Mar.* O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage ;  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear !

[1] We should read, spite.

*Luc.* O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

*Mar.* O, thus I found her, straying in the park,  
Seeking to hide herself ; as doth the deer,  
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

*Tit.* It was my deer ;<sup>2</sup> and he, that wounded her,  
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead :  
For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.  
This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;  
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;  
And here my brother, weeping at my woes ;  
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,  
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—  
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,  
It would have madded me ; What shall I do  
Now I behold thy lovely body so ?

Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;  
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :  
Thy husband he is dead ; and, for his death,  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this :—  
Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks ; as doth the honey dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

*Mar.* Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her  
husband ;

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

*Tit.* If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,  
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—  
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;  
Witness the sorrow, that their sister makes.—  
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;  
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain ;  
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
How they are stain'd ; like meadows, yet not dry  
With miry slime left on them by a flood ?  
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,

[2] The play upon *deer* and *dear* has been used by Waller, who calls a lady's gir-  
dle,—The pale that held my lovely *deer*. JOHNSON.



Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?  
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?  
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows  
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?  
 What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,  
 Plot some device of further misery,  
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

*Luc.* Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your grief,  
 See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

*Mar.* Patience, dear niece :—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

*Tit.* Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot,  
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,  
 For thou, poor man, has drown'd it with thine own.

*Luc.* Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

*Tit.* Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs :  
 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
 That to her brother which I said to thee ;  
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,  
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this ?  
 As far from help as limbo is from bliss<sup>13</sup>

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  
 Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,  
 Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself old Titus,  
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
 And send it to the king : he for the same,  
 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;  
 And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

*Tit.* O, gracious emperor ! O gentle Aaron !  
 Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
 That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?  
 With all my heart, I'll send the emperor  
 My hand ;  
 Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

*Luc.* Stay, father ; for that noble hand of thine,  
 That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
 Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn :  
 My youth can better spare my blood than you ;

[3] The *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his paradise of fools.

And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

*Mar.* Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,  
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?

O, none of both but are of high desert :  
My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve  
To ransom my two nephews from their death ;  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

*Aar.* Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,  
For fear they die before their pardon come.

*Mar.* My hand shall go.

*Luc.* By heaven, it shall not go.

*Tit.* Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as these  
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

*Luc.* Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,  
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

*Mar.* And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,  
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

*Tit.* Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

*Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.

*Mar.* But I will use the axe. [*Exe. LUC. and MAR.*]

*Tit.* Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both ;  
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*Aar.* If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,  
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off TITUS's hand.*]

*Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

*Tit.* Now, stay your strife ; what shall be, is des-  
patch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :  
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it ;  
More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them  
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;  
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own

*Aar.* I go, Andronicus : and for thy hand,  
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee :—

Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villany [*Aside.*]  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[Exit.

*Tit.* O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :

If any power pities wretched tears,  
To that I call :—What, wilt thou kneel with me ? [To LAV.  
Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our prayers ;  
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,  
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

*Mar.* O ! brother, speak with possibilities,  
And do not break into these deep extremes.

*Tit.* Is not my sorrow deep, having nō bottom ?  
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

*Mar.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

*Tit.* If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I bind my woes :  
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?  
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swol'n face ?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?  
I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow !  
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :  
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;  
Then must my earth with her continual tears  
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :  
For why ? my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then give me leave ; for losers will have leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, with two Heads and a Hand.*

*Mes.* Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;  
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back ;  
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd ;  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,  
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[Exit.

*Mar.* Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell !  
These miseries are more than may be borne !  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,  
But sorrow flouted at his double death.

*Luc.* Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !

That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[LAVINIA kisses him.]

*Mar.* Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Tit.* When will this fearful slumber have an end?

*Mar.* Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;  
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,  
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;  
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.  
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:  
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!  
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

*Tit.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Mar.* Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

*Tit.* Why, I have not another tear to shed:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears;  
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;  
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,  
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,  
Even in their throats that have committed them.  
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—  
You heavy people, circle me about;  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.  
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;  
And in this hand the other will I bear:  
—Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;  
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.  
—As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;  
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:  
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:  
And, if you love me, as I think you do,  
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

*Luc.* Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;  
Thou woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!

Farewell, proud Rome ! till Lucius come again,  
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.  
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;  
 O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been !  
 But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,  
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.  
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs ;  
 And make proud Saturninus and his empress  
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*A Room in TITUS'S House. A Banquet set out. Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a Boy.*

*Tit.* So, so ; now sit : and look, you eat no more  
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.  
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot ;  
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands  
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grief  
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;  
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,  
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
 Then thus I thump it down.—  
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs ! [*To LAV.*  
 When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,  
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;  
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;  
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,  
 May run into that sink, and soaking in,  
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

*Mar.* Fye, brother, fye ! teach her not thus to lay  
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

*Tit.* How now ! has sorrow made thee dote already ?  
 Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.  
 What violent hands can she lay on her life !  
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ;—  
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,  
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands ;  
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.—  
 Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk !  
 As if we should forget we had no hands,  
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands !—  
 Come, let's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this :—  
 Here is no drink ! Hark, Marcus, what she says ;—  
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ;—  
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,  
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks :—  
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;  
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,  
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers :  
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,  
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,  
 And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.<sup>4</sup>

*Boy.* Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments :  
 Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

*Mar.* Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

*Tit.* Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,  
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

*Mar.* At that that I have kill'd, my lord ; a fly.

*Tit.* Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my heart ;  
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :  
 A deed of death, done on the innocent,  
 Becomes not Titus' brother : Get thee gone ;  
 I see, thou art not for my company.

*Mar.* Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

*Tit.* But how, if that fly had a father and mother ?  
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
 And buzz lamenting doings in the air ?  
 Poor harmless fly !

That with his pretty buzzing melody,  
 Came here to make us merry ; and thou hast kill'd him.

*Mar.* Pardon me, sir ; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,  
 Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore I kill'd him.

*Tit.* O, O, O,  
 Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
 For thou hast done a charitable deed.

[4] By constant or continual practice.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;  
 Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,  
 Come hither purposely to poison me.—  
 There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—  
 Ah, sirrah!—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,  
 But that, between us, we can kill a fly,  
 That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

*Mar.* Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,  
 He takes false shadows for true substances.

*Tit.* Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me :  
 I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee  
 Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—  
 Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,  
 And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before TITUS's House. Enter*  
*TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS, LAVI-*  
*NIA running after him.*

*Boy.* HELP, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia  
 Follows me every where, I know not why :—  
 Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!—  
 Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

*Mar.* Stand by me, Lucius ; do not fear thine aunt.

*Tit.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

*Boy.* Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

*Mar.* What means my niece Lavinia by these signs ?

*Tit.* Fear her not, Lucius : Somewhat doth she mean :  
 See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee :  
 Somewhither would she have thee go with her.  
 Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care  
 Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,  
 Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus ?

*Boy.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,  
 Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :  
 For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,  
 Extremity of griefs would make men mad ;  
 And I have read that Hecuba of Troy  
 Ran mad through sorrow : That made me to fear ;  
 Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,  
 And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :  
 Which made me down to throw my books, and fly ;  
 Causeless, perhaps :—But pardon me, sweet aunt :  
 And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,  
 I will most willingly attend your ladyship :

*Mar.* Lucius, I will, [LAVINIA turns over the books  
 which LUCIUS has let fall.

*Tit.* How now, Lavinia ?—Marcus, what means this ?  
 Some book there is that she desires to see :—  
 Which is it, girl, of these ?—Open them, boy.—  
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;  
 Come, and take choice of all my library,  
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—  
 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

*Mar.* I think, she means, that there was more than one  
 Confederate in the fact ;—Ay, more there was :—  
 Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

*Tit.* Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

*Boy.* Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis* :  
 My mother gave't me.

*Mar.* For love of her that's gone,  
 Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

*Tit.* Soft ! see, how busily she turns the leaves !  
 Help her :

What would she find ?—Lavinia, shall I read ?  
 This is the tragic tale of Philomel,  
 And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape ;  
 And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

*Mar.* See, brother, see ; note, how she quotes the leaves.†

*Tit.* Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,  
 Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,  
 Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?—  
 See, see !—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,  
 (O, had we never, never, hunted there !)  
 Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,  
 By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

*Mar.* O, why should nature build so foul a den,  
 Unless the gods delight in tragedies !

[1] To quote is to observe.



*Tit.* Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed :  
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

*Mar.* Sit down, sweet niece ;—brother, sit down by me.  
—Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
Inspire me, that I may this treason find !—  
My lord, look here ;—Look here, Lavinia :  
This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,  
This after me, when I have writ my name  
Without the help of any hand at all.

*[He writes his name with his Staff, and guides it with his Feet and Mouth.]*

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift !—  
Write thou, good niece ; and here display, at last,  
What God will have discover'd for revenge :  
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,  
That we may know the traitors, and the truth !

*[She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it with her Stumps and writes.]*

*Tit.* O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ ?  
*Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.*

*Mar.* What, what !—the lustful sons of Tamora  
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

*Tit.* *Magne Dominator poli,*  
*Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?*

*Mar.* O, calm thee, gentle lord ! although, I know,  
There is enough written upon this earth,  
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.  
My lord, kneel down with me ;—Lavinia, kneel ;  
—And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;  
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,<sup>2</sup>  
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,  
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—  
That we will prosecute, by good advice,  
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

*Tit.* 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,

[2] *Feere*—signifies a companion, and here metaphorically a husband. The proceeding of Brutus, which is alluded to, is described at length, in our autho'r *Rape of Lucrece*, as putting an end to the lamentations of Collatinus and Lucretius, the husband and father of Lucretia. TYRWHITT.

But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware :  
 The dam will wake ; and, if she wind you once,  
 She's with the lion deeply still in league,  
 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
 And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.  
 You're a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;  
 And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
 And with a gad of steel will write these words,  
 And lay it by : the angry northern wind  
 Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,  
 And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you ?

*Boy.* I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe  
 For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

*Mar.* Ay, that's my boy ! thy father hath full oft  
 For this ungrateful country done the like.

*Boy.* And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

*Tit.* Come, go with me into mine armoury ;  
 Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and withal, my boy  
 Shall carry from me to the empress' sons  
 Presents, that I intend to send them both :  
 Come, come ; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not ?

*Boy.* Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

*Tit.* No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another course.  
 —Lavinia, come ;—Marcus, look to my house ;  
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court ;  
 Ay, marry, will we, sir ; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and *Boy.*]

*Mar.* O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,  
 And not relent, or not compassion him ?  
 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy ;  
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,  
 Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield ;  
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge :—  
 Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus !<sup>3</sup>

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in the Palace. Enter* AARON, CHIRON,  
 and DEMETRIUS, at one door ; at another door, young  
 LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons,  
 and verses writ upon them.

*Chi.* Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;  
 He hath some message to deliver to us.

[3] It should be, Revenge, ye heavens!----

*Aar.* Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

*Boy.* My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—  
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [*Aside.*]

*Dem.* Gramercy,<sup>4</sup> lovely Lucius : What's the news ?

*Boy.* That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,  
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Asi.*] May it please you,  
My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me  
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,  
To gratify your honourable youth,  
The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say ;  
And so I do, and with his gifts present  
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,  
You may be armed and appointed well :  
And so I leave you both, [*Aside*] like bloody villains.  
[*Ex. Boy and Attendant.*]

*Dem.* What's here ? A scroll ; and written round about ?  
Let's see ;

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,  
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec acru.*

*Chi.* O, 'tis a verse in Horace ; I know it well :  
I read it in the grammar long ago.

*Aar.* Ay, just !—a verse in Horace ;—right, you have it.  
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !

Here's no sound jest ! the old man hath found  
their guilt ;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,  
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,  
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star  
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height ?

It did me good, before the palace-gate  
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

*Dem.* But me more good, to see so great a lord  
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

*Aar.* Had he not reason, lord Demetrius ?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

*Dem.* I would, we had a thousand Roman dames  
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

*Chi.* A charitable wish, and full of love.

} *Aside.*

[4] Gramercy ; i. e. grand merci ; great thanks.

*Aar.* Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.

*Dem.* Come, let us go ; and pray to all the gods  
For our beloved mother in her pains.

*Aar.* Pray to the devils ; the gods have given us o'er.  
[*Aside. Flourish.*]

*Dem.* Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus ?

*Chi.* Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

*Dem.* Soft ; who comes here ?

*Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-Moor Child in her arms.*

*Nur.* Good morrow, lords :

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor ?

*Aar.* Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
Here Aaron is ; and what with Aaron now ?

*Nur.* O gentle Aaron, we are all undone !  
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore !

*Aar.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep ?  
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms ?

*Nur.* O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,  
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace ;—  
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

*Aar.* To whom ?

*Nur.* I mean, she's brought to bed.

*Aar.* Well, God  
Give her good rest ! What hath he sent her ?  
*Nur.* A devil.

*Aar.* Why, then she is the devil's dam ; a joyful issue.

*Nur.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue :  
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.  
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

*Aar.* Out, out, you whore ! is black so base a hue ?—  
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

*Dem.* Villain, what hast thou done ?

*Aar.* Done ! that which thou  
Canst not undo.

*Chi.* Thou hast undone our mother.

*Aar.* Villain, I have done thy mother.

*Dem.* And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.  
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !  
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend !

*Chi.* It shall not live.

*Aar.* It shall not die.

*Nur.* Aaron, it must : the mother wills it so.

*Aar.* What, must it, nurse ? then let no man, but I,  
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

*Dem.* I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point,<sup>5</sup>  
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon despatch it.

*Aar.* Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*

Stay, murderous villains ! will you kill your brother ?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,

That touches this my first-born son and heir !

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what ; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !

Ye white-lim'd walls ! ye alehouse painted signs !

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue :

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the emperess from me, I am of age

To keep mine own ; excuse it how she can.

*Dem.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

*Aar.* My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth :

This, before all the world, do I prefer ;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

*Dem.* By this our mother is forever sham'd.

*Chi.* Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

*Nur.* The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

*Chi.* I blush to think upon this ignomy.<sup>6</sup>

*Aar.* Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears :

Fye, treacherous hue ! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart !

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer :

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father ;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords ; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;

[5] A broach is a spit. I'll spit the tadpole. JOHNSON.

[6] *Ignomy* for ignominy. MALONE.

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,  
He is enfranchised, and come to light :  
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,  
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

*Nur.* Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

*Dem.* Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,  
And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;  
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all consult.  
My son and I will have the wind of you :  
Keep there : Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his ?

*Aar.* Why so, brave lords ; When we all join in league,  
I am a lamb ; but if you brave the Moor,  
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,  
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—  
But, say again, how many saw the child ?

*Nur.* Cornelia the midwife, and myself,  
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

*Aar.* The emperess, the midwife, and yourself :  
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :  
Go to the empress ; tell her, this I said : [*Stabbing her.*]  
—Weke, weke !—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

*Dem.* What mean'st thou, Aaron ? Wherefore didst thou  
this ?

*Aar.* O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy :  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?  
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip ? no, lords, no.  
And now be it known to you my full intent.  
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,  
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;  
His child is like to her, fair as you are :  
Go pack with him,<sup>7</sup> and give the mother gold,  
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;  
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,  
And be received for the emperor's heir,  
And substituted in the place of mine,  
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;  
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.  
Hark ye, lords : ye see, that I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

[7] Pack, here seems to have the meaning of—make a bargain. Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamblers, to act collusively.

" And mighty dukes pack knaves for half a crown."

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;  
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :  
 This done, see that you take no longer days,  
 But send the midwife presently to me.  
 The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,  
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

*Chi.* Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air  
 With secrets.

*Dem.* For this care of Tamora,  
 Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*]

*Aar.* Now to the Goths; as swift as swallow flies ;  
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,  
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—  
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence ;  
 For it is you that put us to our shifts :  
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,  
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,  
 And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up  
 To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. A Public Place. Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them ; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, come ;—Kinsmen, this is the way :  
 —Sir boy, now let me see your archery ;  
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight :  
*Terras Astræa reliquit :*  
 Be you remembered, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.  
 —Sir, take you to your tools.—You, cousins, shall  
 Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;  
 Happily, you may find her in the sea ;  
 Yet there's as little justice as at land :—  
 No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;  
 'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,  
 And pierce the inmost centre of the earth ;  
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,  
 I pray you, deliver him this petition :  
 Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid ;  
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,  
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—  
 Ah, Rome !—Well, well ; I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages  
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—  
 Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,  
 And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd ;  
 This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,  
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

*Mar.* O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,  
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

*Pub.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,  
 By day and night to attend him carefully ;  
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
 Till time beget some careful remedy.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
 Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war  
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

*Tit.* Publius, how now ? how now, my masters ? What,  
 Have you met with her ?

*Pub.* No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word  
 If you will have revenge from hell, you shall :  
 Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,  
 He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,  
 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

*Tit.* He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.  
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—  
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we ;  
 No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size :  
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;  
 Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear.<sup>6</sup>  
 And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,  
 We will solicit heaven ; and move the gods,  
 To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs :  
 Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

*Ad Jovem*, that's for you :—Here, *ad Apollinem* :—

*Ad Martem*, that's for myself ;—

Here, boy, to Pallas :—Here, to Mercury :—

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy.—Marcus, loose when I bid :

O' my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

[8] To wring a horse is to press or strain his back.



*Mar.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court :  
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

*Tit.* Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius !

Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; give it Pallas.

*Mar.* My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ;  
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

*Tit.* Ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done !  
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

*Mar.* This was the sport, my lord : when Publius shot,  
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock  
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court ;  
And who should find them but the empress' villain ?  
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose  
But give them to his master for a present.

*Tit.* Why, there it goes : God give your lordship joy.

*Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.*

News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.

—Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?

Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

*Clo.* Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

*Tit.* But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

*Clo.* Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter ; I never drank with him in all my life.

*Tit.* Why villain, art not thou the carrier ?

*Clo.* Ay, of my pigeons, sir ; nothing else.

*Tit.* Why, didst thou not come from heaven ?

*Clo.* From heaven ? alas, sir, I never came there : God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs,<sup>9</sup> to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

*Mar.* Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration ; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

*Tit.* Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace ?

*Clo.* Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

[9] I suppose the clown means to say, *plebeian tribune*, tribune of the people ; for none could fill this office but such as were descended from *plebeian* ancestors.

*Tit.* Sirrah, come hither : make no more ado,  
 But give your pigeons to the emperor :  
 By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.  
 Hold, hold ; mean while, here's money for thy charges.  
 —Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication ?

*Clo.* Ay, sir.

*Tit.* Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel : then kiss his foot ; then deliver up your pigeons ; and then look for your reward, I'll be at hand, sir ; see you do it bravely.

*Clo.* I warrant you, sir ; let me alone.

*Tit.* Sirrah, hast thou a knife ? Come, let me see it. Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration ; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant :— And when thou hast given it to the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clo.* God be with you, sir ; I will.

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, let's go :—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*The same. Before the Palace. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and others ; SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand, that TITUS shot.*

*Sat.* Why, lords, what wrongs are these ? Was ever seen  
 An emperor of Rome thus overborne,  
 Troubled, confronted thus ; and, for the extent  
 Of legal justice, us'd in such contempt ?  
 My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,  
 However these disturbers of our peace  
 Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,  
 But even with law, against the wilful sons  
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if  
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,  
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness ?  
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress :  
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury ;  
 This to Apollo ; this to the god of war :  
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome !  
 What's this, but libelling against the senate,

And blazoning our injustice every where ?  
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords ?  
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.  
 But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies  
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages :  
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives  
 In Saturninus' health ; whom, if she sleep,  
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall  
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

*Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,  
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,  
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,  
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,  
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart ;  
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,  
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,  
 For these contempts.—Why, thus it shall become  
 High-witted Tamora to gloze with all : [*Aside.*  
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,  
 Thy life-blood out : if Aaron now be wise,  
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow ? wouldst thou speak with us ?

*Clo.* Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

*Clo.* 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good  
 den : I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons  
 here.

[SATURNINUS reads the letter.

*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clo.* How much money must I have ?

*Tam.* Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

*Clo.* Hang'd ! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck  
 to a fair end.

[*Exit, guarded.*

*Sat.* Despiteful and intolerable wrongs !

Shall I endure this monstrous villany ?

I know from whence this same device proceeds ?

May this be borne ?—as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair ;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege :—

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man ;

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

—What news with thee, Æmilius?

*Æm.* Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!  
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power  
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;  
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

*Sat.* Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?  
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms;  
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:  
'Tis he the common people love so much;  
Myself have often overheard them say,  
(When I have walked like a private man,  
'That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;  
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

*Tam.* King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.  
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby;  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,  
He can at pleasure stint their melody:  
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.  
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,  
I will enchant the old Andronicus,  
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;<sup>1</sup>  
When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
The other rotted with delicious feed.

*Sat.* But he will not entreat his son for us.<sup>1</sup>

*Tam.* If Tamora entreat him, then he will:  
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear  
With golden promises; that were his heart  
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—  
Go thou before, be our ambassador: [To ÆMIL.]

[1] Honey-stalks are clover flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die. JOHNSON.

Say, that the emperor requests a parley  
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,  
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

*Sat.* Æmilius, do this message honourably :  
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

*Æmil.* Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

*Tam.* Now will I to that old Andronicus ;  
And temper him, with all the art I have,  
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

*Sat.* Then go successfully, and plead to him. [Exeunt.

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome. Enter LUCIUS, and Goths,  
with drum and Colours.*

*Luc.* APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,  
And how desirous of our sight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs ;  
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,  
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,  
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ;  
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
Be bold in us : we'll follow where thou lead'st,—  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—  
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

*Goths.* And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

*Luc.* I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.  
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his arms.*

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;

And as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
 Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall :  
 I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard  
 The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :  
*Peace, taxny slave ; half me, and half thy dam !  
 Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
 Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
 Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor :  
 But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
 They never do beget a coal-black calf.  
 Peace, villain, peace !—even thus he rates the babe,—  
 For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;  
 Who, when he knows thou art the emperess' babe,  
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.*  
 With this my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
 Surpriz'd him suddenly ; and brought him hither,  
 To use as you think needful of the man.

*Luc.* O worthy Goth ! this is the incarnate devil,  
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :  
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye ;  
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—  
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey  
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?  
 Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? No ; not a word ?  
 A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,  
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

*Aar.* Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

*Luc.* Too like the sire for ever being good.—  
 First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;  
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.  
 Get me a ladder.

[A ladder brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.]

*Aar.* Lucius, save the child ;  
 And bear it from me to the emperess.  
 If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,  
 That highly may advantage thee to hear :  
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
 I'll speak no more ; But vengeance rot you all !

*Luc.* Say on ; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,  
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

*Aar.* An if it please thee ? why, assure thee, Lucius,

[2] Alluding to the proverb. "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye."

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;  
 For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
 Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
 Complots of mischief, treason ; villanies  
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd :  
 And this shall all be buried by my death,  
 Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

*Luc.* Tell on thy mind ; I say, thy child shall live.

*Aar.* Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

*Luc.* Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no god ;  
 That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

*Aar.* What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not :  
 Yet,—for I know thou art religious,  
 And hast a thing within thee, called conscience ;  
 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—  
 Therefore I urge thy oath ;—For that, I know,  
 An idiot holds his bauble for a god,  
 And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears ;  
 To that I'll urge him :—Therefore, thou shalt vow  
 By that same god, what god soe'er it be,  
 That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—  
 To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up ;  
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

*Luc.* Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

*Aar.* First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

*Luc.* O most insatiate, luxurious woman !

*Aar.* Tut, Lucius ! this was but a deed of charity,  
 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus :  
 They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,  
 And cut her hands ; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

*Luc.* O, detestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ; and 'twas  
 Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

*Luc.* O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

*Aar.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them ;  
 That coddling spirit had they from their mother,  
 As sure a card as ever won the set ;  
 That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,  
 As true a dog as ever fought at head.<sup>2</sup>

[2] An allusion to bull-dogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front and seizing his nose. JOHNSON.

—Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.  
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,  
 Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :  
 I wrote the letter that thy father found,  
 And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,  
 Confederate with the queen, and her two sons ;  
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,  
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?  
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;  
 And, when I had it, drew myself apart,  
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.  
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,  
 When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;  
 Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,  
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;  
 And when I told the empress of this sport,  
 She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,  
 And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

*Goth.* What ! canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

*Aar.* Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.<sup>3</sup>

*Luc.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

*Aar.* Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,  
 Few come within the compass of my curse,)  
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill :  
 As kill a man, or else devise his death ;  
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;  
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself :  
 Set deadly enmity between two friends ;  
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;  
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,  
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears  
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,  
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;  
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
*Let not your sorrows die, though I am dead.*  
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,  
 As willingly as one would kill a fly ;  
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,  
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

[3] To blush like a black dog, appears from Ray, to have been proverbial. REED.



*Luc.* Bring down the devil ;<sup>4</sup> for he must not die  
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

*Aar.* If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,  
To live and burn in everlasting fire ;  
So I might have your company in hell,  
But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

*Luc.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

*Enter a Goth.*

*Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,  
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luc.* Let him come near.—

*Enter ÆMILIUS*

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome ?

*Æmil.* Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,  
The Roman emperor greets you all by me :  
And, for he understands you are in arms,  
He craves a parley at your father's house,  
Willing you to demand your hostages,  
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

*1 Goth.* What says our general ?

*Luc.* Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges  
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,  
And we will come.—March away. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Rome. Before TITUS'S House. Enter TAMORA, CHIRON,  
and DEMETRIUS, disguised.*

*Tam.* Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,  
I will encounter with Andronicus ;  
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,  
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.  
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,  
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge ;  
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,  
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*]

*Enter TITUS above.*

*Tit.* Who doth molest my contemplation ?  
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door ;  
That so my sad decrees may fly away,

[4] It appears from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off. STEEVENS.

And all my study be to no effect ?  
 You are deceiv'd : for what I mean to do ;  
 See here, in bloody lines I have set down ;  
 And what is written shall be executed.

*Tam.* Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

*Tit.* No ; not a word : How can I grace my talk,  
 Wanting a hand to give it action ?  
 Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

*Tit.* I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :  
 Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines ;  
 Witness these trenches, made by grief and care ;  
 Witness the tiring day, and heavy night ;  
 Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well  
 For our proud empress, mighty Tamora :  
 Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

*Tam.* Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;  
 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :  
 I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom,  
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,  
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.  
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;  
 Confer with me of murder and of death :  
 There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,  
 No vast obscurity, or misty vale,  
 Where bloody murder, or detested rape,  
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;  
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,  
 Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,  
 To be a torment to mine enemies ?

*Tam.* I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

*Tit.* Do me some service, ere I come to thee.  
 Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stand ;  
 Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,  
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;  
 And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,  
 And whirl along with thee about the globes.  
 Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,  
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
 And find out murderers in their guilty caves :  
 And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
 I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel  
 Trot, like a servile footman, all day long ;

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,  
Until his very downfall in the sea.

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.<sup>5</sup>

*Tam.* These are my ministers, and come with me.

*Tit.* Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

*Tam.* Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,  
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

*Tit.* Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!  
And you, the empress! But we worldly men  
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.  
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:  
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit* TITUS, *from above.*]

*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy:  
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,  
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.  
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;  
And, being credulous in this mad thought,  
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;  
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,  
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.  
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

*Enter* TITUS.

*Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:  
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;—  
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—  
How like the empress and her sons you are!  
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—  
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—  
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,  
But in her company there is a Moor;  
And, would you represent our queen aright,  
It were convenient you had such a devil:  
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

*Tam.* What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

*Dem.* Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

[5] I do not know of any instance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were ever used as synonymous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed for a *less fatal kind of blunder*, and means the violent act of deprivation of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted. STEEVENS.

*Chi.* Show me a villain, that has done a rape,  
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

*Tam.* Show me a thousand, that hath done thee wrong,  
And I will be revenged on them all.

*Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;  
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,  
Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.—  
Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap,  
To find another that is like to thee,  
Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.—  
Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court  
There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;  
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,  
For up and down she doth resemble thee ;  
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,  
They have been violent to me and mine.

*Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.  
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,  
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
And bid him come and banquet at thy house :  
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;  
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
What says Andronicus to this device ?

*Tit.* Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

*Enter* MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;  
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :  
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;  
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :  
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too  
Feast at my house : and he shall feast with them.  
This do thou for my love ; and so let him,  
As he regards his aged father's life.

*Mar.* This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit.

*Tam.* Now will I hence about thy business,  
And take my ministers along with me.

*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;  
Or else I'll call my brother back again,

And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

*Tam.* What say you, boys? will you abide with him,  
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,  
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?  
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, [*Aside.*  
And tarry with him, till I come again.

*Tit.* I know them all, though they suppose me mad;  
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,  
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*

*Dem.* Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

*Tam.* Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes  
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit TAM.*

*Tit.* I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

*Chi.* Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

*Tit.* Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—  
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

*Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.*

*Pub.* What's your will?

*Tit.* Know you these two?

*Pub.* Th' empress' sons,  
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

*Tit.* Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;  
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:  
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;  
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:  
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,  
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;  
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS.*—*PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on*  
*CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

*Chi.* Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

*Pub.* And therefore do we what we are commanded.—  
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:  
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she bearing a*  
*Basin, and he a Knife.*

*Tit.* Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;  
—Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;  
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—  
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!  
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;  
'This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband ; and, for that vile fault,  
 Two of her brothers were condemned to death :  
 My hand cut off, and made a merry jest :  
 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear  
 Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
 Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.  
 What would you say, if I should let you speak ?  
 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.  
 Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.  
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats ;  
 Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold  
 The basin that receives your guilty blood.  
 You know your mother means to feast with me,  
 And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad,—  
 Hark, villains ; I will grind your bones to dust,  
 And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste ;  
 And of the paste a coffin I will rear,<sup>6</sup>  
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;  
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,  
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.  
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;  
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,  
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd :  
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,  
[*He cuts their throats.*]
 Receive the blood : and, when that they are dead,  
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
 And with this hateful liquor temper it :  
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.  
 Come, come, be every one officious  
 To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove  
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.  
 So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,  
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c. Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, Prisoner.*

*Luc.* Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,  
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

[6] A coffin is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye.

*I Goth.* And ours, with thine, befall what fortune will.

*Luc.* Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,  
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ;  
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,  
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,  
For testimony of her foul proceedings :  
And see the ambush of our friends be strong :  
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

*Aar.* Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
The venomous malice of my swelling heart !

*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog ! unhallow'd slave !—  
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Flourish.*]

The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators,  
and others.*

*Sat.* What, hath the firmament more suns than one ?

*Luc.* What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun ?

*Mar.* Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle ;  
These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus  
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome :

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

*Sat.* Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at Table.*]

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA veiled, young  
LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the dishes on the  
Table.*

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord ;—welcome, dread  
queen ;—

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ;—welcome, Lucius ;—

And welcome, all : although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs ; please you eat of it.

*Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ?

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well,  
To entertain your highness, and your empress. .

*Tam.* We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

*Tit.* An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

[7] i. e. Begin the parley. We yet say, " he breaks his mind." JOHNSON.

—My lord the emperor, resolve me this ;  
Was it well done of rash Virginius,  
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,  
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd ?

*Sat.* It was, Andronicus.

*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord !

*Sat.* Because the girl should not survive her shame,  
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;  
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,  
For me, most wretched to perform the like :—  
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;

[*He kills LAVINIA.*]

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind ?

*Tit.* Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.  
I am as woful as Virginius was :

And have a thousand times more cause than he  
To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.

*Sat.* What, was she ravish'd ? tell, who did the deed.

*Tit.* Will't please you eat ? will't please your highness  
feed ?

*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus ?

*Tit.* Not I ; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius :  
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,  
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

*Sat.* Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pye ;  
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*]

*Sat.* Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*]

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?  
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The People in  
confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their Parti-  
zans ascend the steps before TITUS's house.*]

*Mar.* You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,  
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl  
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,  
O, let me teach you how to knit again  
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,



These broken limbs again into one body.

*Sen.* Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;  
 And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,  
 Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,  
 Do shameful execution on herself.  
 But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
 Grave witnesses of true experience,  
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,—  
 Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To Lucius.*] as erst our an-  
 cestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,  
 To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,  
 The story of that baleful burning night,  
 When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;  
 Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,  
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,  
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—  
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;  
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,  
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
 And break my very utterance; even i'the time  
 When it should move you to attend me most,  
 Lending your kind commiseration:  
 Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;  
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

*Luc.* Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,  
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius  
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;  
 And they it were, that ravished our sister:  
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;  
 Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd  
 Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,  
 And sent her enemies unto the grave.  
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,  
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,  
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies;  
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:  
 And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,  
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;  
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,  
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.  
 Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;  
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,

That my report is just, and full of truth.  
 But, soft ; methinks, I do digress too much,  
 Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;  
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Mar.* Now is my turn to speak ; Behold this child,

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora delivered ;  
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;  
 The villain is alive in 'Titus' house,  
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.  
 Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge  
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,  
 Or more than any living man could bear.  
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?  
 Have we done aught amiss ? Show us wherein,  
 And, from the place where you behold us now,  
 The poor remainder of Andronici  
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,  
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,  
 And make a mutual closure of our house.  
 Speak, Romans, speak ; and, if you say, we shall,  
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

*Æmil.* Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,  
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,  
 Lucius our emperor ; for, well I know,  
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

*Rom.* [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail ; Rome's royal  
 emperor !

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

*Mar.* Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house ;

[*To an Attendant.*

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,  
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,  
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

*Rom.* [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail ; Rome's gra-  
 cious governor !

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle Romans ; May I govern so,  
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe !  
 But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—  
 For nature puts me to a heavy task ;—  
 Stand all aloof ;—but, uncle, draw you near,  
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk :—

O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[Kisses TITUS.]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,  
The last true duties of thy noble son!

*Mar.* Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :  
O, were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

*Luc.* Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn of us  
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well :  
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy ;  
In that respect then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,  
Because kind nature doth require it so :  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe :  
Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;  
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

*Boy.* O grandsire, grandsire ! even with all my heart  
'Would I were dead, so you did live again !——  
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;  
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

*Enter Attendants, with AARON.*

*1 Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes ;  
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him ;  
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :  
If any one relieves or pities him,  
For the offence he dies. This is our doom :  
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

*Aar.* O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb ?  
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,  
I should repent the evils I have done ;  
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,  
Would I perform, if I might have my will ;  
If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul.

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,  
And give him burial in his father's grave :  
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith  
Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,  
 No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,  
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;  
 But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey :  
 Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;  
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.  
 See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
 By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :  
 Then, afterwards, to order well the state ;  
 That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt.*<sup>6</sup>

<sup>8</sup> This is one of those plays which I have always thought with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the list of Shakespeare's genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a proof to strengthen this opinion, that may put the matter out of question. Ben Jonson, in the Introduction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*, which made its first appearance in the year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and speaks of them as plays then twenty-five or thirty years standing. Consequently *Andronicus* must have been on the stage before Shakespeare left Warwickshire to come and reside in London ; and I never heard it so much as intimated, that he had turned his genius to stage-writing before he associated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he afterwards introduced it anew on the stage, with the addition of his own masterly touches, is incontestible, and thence, I presume, grew his title to it. The diction in general, where he has not taken the pains to raise it, is even beneath that of the *Three Parts of Henry VI.* The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. *Andronicus* is a sur-name of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor any body else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of : not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene of our play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol.

THEOBALD.

All the editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious: I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the stile is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestible*, I see no reason for believing.

The testimony, by which it is ascribed to Shakespeare, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments, by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakespeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakespeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakespeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the press.

Ravenscroft, who in the reign of James II. revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakespeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakespeare's touches very discernible.

JOHNSON.

I agree with such of the commentators as think that Shakespeare had no hand in this abominable tragedy; and consider the correctness with which it is printed, as a kind of collateral proof that he had not. The genuine works of Shakespeare have been handed down to us in a more depraved state than those of any other contemporary writer; which was partly owing to the obscurity of his hand writing, which appears to have been scarcely legible, and partly to his total neglect of them when committed to the press. And it is not to be supposed, that he should have taken more pains about the publication of this horrid performance, than he did in that of his noblest productions.

M. MASON.















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